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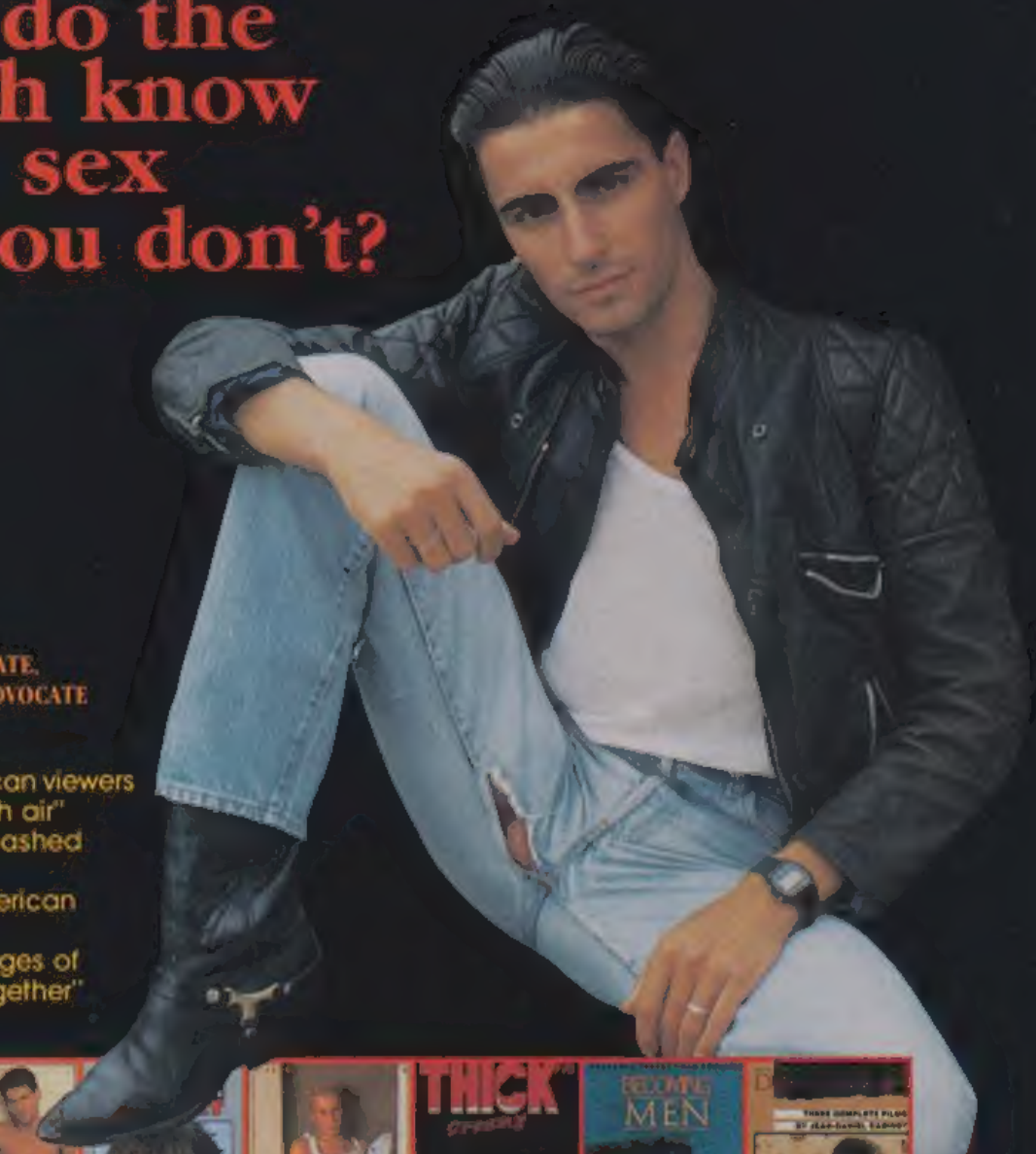

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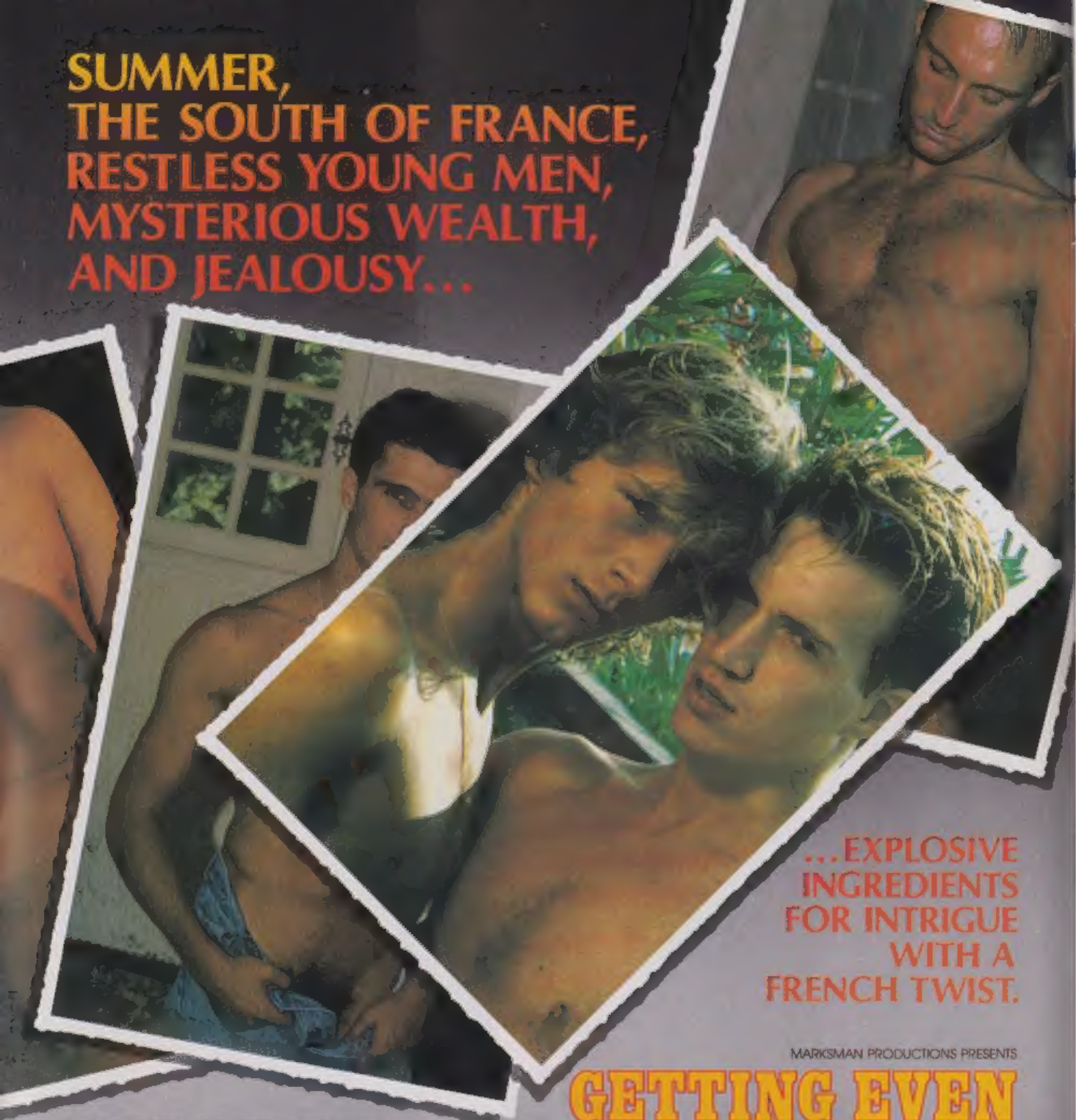

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HONCHO

HONCHO JANUARY 1988
VOLUME 11 NUMBER 1

COVER PHOTO BY NAAKKVE

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There are men who thunder into your life like a summer storm. And then the next day, the next week or the next month the storm is over, the man is gone. You're left with a damp towel slung over the shower curtain, a stained bed sheet with a greasy handprint near the top hem, and a sore ass. You feel lonely for a while, a little empty maybe, maybe very lonely, very empty. Then the soreness goes away, and the loneliness stops feeling so special, and when the sheet and towel come back fresh from the laundry, it's impossible to tell which sheet and and which towel used to have the stain and the scent. What scent? What was it like? You can't remember. You remember something of the feeling, the raw passion, the thunder. But the memory has no face. There's a name, but it doesn't feel familiar on your lips. And after a while you forget the name.

Summer storms are intense, and they leave marks, but the marks are not permanent.

Then there's the man who's like a winter storm, the kind that brews for a long time before the thunder starts rolling. This guy is such a fixture in your life that you don't really take notice of him. Then one night you have a drink with him, or you sit next to him at the corner bar to watch the video, or you join a group of friends that he's part of. He smiles just the right way, a smile you'd been needing all day, a smile that assures and invites, but without coyness, without seduction; the invitation is to be yourself. It's a smile that invites your smile in return, and the exchange of smiles is enough.

You may not see the guy again for several days. During that time, you find that you miss that smile. (The sky is filling with dense clouds.)

A CHRISTMAS BONUS

BY RICHARD WHITE PHOTOS BY CITYBOY

Then he appears again—in the street, on the bus, in line for a movie. And he smiles. And you talk to him, really talk this time; you never have before. You part, and days later something he said comes to your mind, something witty, or sensitive, or astute; only you didn't realize what a smart comment it was when he said it, because he didn't make anything of it. But now, that comment or observation or witticism of his keeps playing over and over in your mind, and every time it does, you smile. (A slight mist is falling.)

The next time you see him, he invites you along to a film. No big thing, nothing special, just a nice night out with a friend. During the movie, he touches your hand or rests his arm on your shoulder. Nothing sneaky about it; he just does it. A gesture of friendship. But his touch is so warm and soothing, so right somehow. And when you look at him and smile, he gives you that smile again. And his warmth spreads all over you. (The mist becomes rain.)

He invites you to dinner at his place. Nothing fancy, just some pasta and a salad, "and you can bring the wine." His place is warm and cozy, and there's candlelight, which brings out the sparkle in his eyes and in his smile. There are two empty wine glasses waiting on the coffee table. He gestures for you to sit and hands you a corkscrew. You open the bottle you brought, pour. He sits beside you for the toast. Neither one of you can think of anything special, so he suggests, "To tonight. How's that?" And that's fine with you. He takes a sip and then pops right back up to finish dinner. You eat. The salad is crisp and fresh, the dressing light, the pasta perfectly al dente, the sauce just right—an altogether satisfying meal, and yet there's just enough room left for dessert, and cognac. That night you go to sleep with a smile on your face. (It's raining harder.)

Next, he invites you to a holiday dinner, Thanksgiving maybe. He usually goes home to the folks, but they're going to be in Florida this year, and he can't bear the thought of Thanksgiving in Florida. "How about you?" he asks. You tell him you *never* go home for holidays, haven't in years, that you usually spend Thanksgiving with this small group of friends, but this year they're all going out to a restaurant, and you don't like going out on holidays, and, "Yeah, Thanksgiving at your place would be terrific."

And it is. All afternoon—since Thanksgiving is an all afternoon and evening holiday—your heart keeps skipping beats. You're not sure why. He's nice-looking but not your type. He's got a nice body but could stand to lose a few pounds. But that smile. As afternoon fades into evening, he's radiant, almost handsome, in the candlelight. He asks you to spend the night with him. And he smiles that smile. (Lightning begins to crackle; you can't see it yet, but you can hear it.)

In his bedroom, he undresses you gently, cuddles and kisses you. It's all so effortless, so comfortable, and yet exciting too, in a deep, rolling-thunder way. You climb into bed, and he makes light passes with his hands all over the surface of your skin, but not in private places, just your forearms, your cheeks, the backs of your

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knees. Your body is awakening to him, and he seems to have become more beautiful—no, not *more* beautiful, just *beautiful* (Thunder rolls, and rolls.) He brings you to plateau after plateau, and each time, just before it might end in a flash of lightning and a crash of thunder, he hushes and soothes you, only to raise you higher the next time, to the next plateau Finally: BOOM! FLASH! ROAR! He brings you to climax; he releases you to climax, he releases himself Your cum and his make a torrent. The torrent lasts and lasts. Then it's over And you laugh, both of you And he fetches a towel, and you take care of each other, and you fit yourselves together, and you sleep. deep, deep sleep. full of dreams of the man you're sleeping with

That's a winter storm It's a long time coming But when it's over, you don't forget it And you're not alone. The clouds clear away, and there's somebody there with you to enjoy the sunshine. He's been there all along, but you never noticed

"Now! Put that flame out *now*, I said!"

Those were the first words I heard him say Diego Diaz, transit cop. He had a young punk cornered on the Number Five train, and he was forcing the punk to put out his cigarette. He wrote out the citation while the punk pulled out identification Diego's long sinewy fingers flew across the pad like a bronze spider. He examined the ID, gave it back to the punk, and told him to give him the rest of his cigarette. The punk did Then, at the next stop, the punk got off Diego leaned against an upright pole, gripping the cigarette in his large hand his gun slung over one hip. He was handsome as hell, and he knew it, like all Latin men know when they're hot He was the tallest Latin I'd ever seen, well over six feet. High-boned face, tightly cropped moustache over pouty lips, a thick cylinder for a neck dangerous. His long torso was a perfect "V" from his wide shoulders down over a tight, inflated chest and trim waist. His legs were crossed, one foot resting over the other as he leaned, keeping watch on the subway car. His eyes missed nothing. They darted with the alertness of a cobra looking for prey

And then he saw *me*.

It had been raining outside, and getting a cab in Manhattan in the rain is about as easy as renting a studio for under a thousand a month, so I'd taken the subway from Sloan Kettering. I work there in the research department. Molecular biology—cells, tissues, microscopes. I was still wearing my hospital greens, so both Diego and I were in uniform When he nodded at me, I gave him a nice, crisp fellow-professional nod back. We also both had name badges, so there was no need for introductions. After our nods, he smiled Jesus, the fucking dimples!

"If I ever need a doctor, I'll call ya, Maxfield," he said, his smile widening into a blizzard of a grin

"Max," I said, and put a card out for him to take

He grinned, hesitated for just a second, then took the card "Okay, Doc, I'll give you a call if I need you"

I got off at Fourteenth Street and walked four blocks in the continuing downpour to my Tenth Street condo, dragged my wilted body upstairs

"A cop? You tried to pick up a *cop*? On the *subway*? In your doctor duds? Jesus!" my neighbor Paul hooted At twenty-eight, Paul was one of the brightest, funniest, most intelligent blonds I'd ever known I've never had any particular fondness for blonds, my feeling being that they may *have* more fun, but they *aren't* more fun But Paul was an exception Paul was fun

"I didn't try to pick him up, Paul I just gave him my card."

"For what, a circumcision? A prostate exam?"

Paul lay back on the chaise longue and kicked his bare feet as he laughed. He was wearing gym shorts; he'd been working out on his exercycle when he heard me come in. I had to admit he had great legs. For a blond

"Cute, Paul, you're cute."

"Think so?"

"Don't *you*?"

"I think *you're* cute for trying to pick up a transit cop on the subway"

I took the last sip of my frozen margarita, which was finally beginning to take the edge off the sweltering August humidity that had followed the deluge—the deluge which had ceased the moment I walked into my building, of course

"Keep it up," Paul went on 'and you could get the electric chair."

He downed the last of his drink and handed me his empty glass. Always attentive to the needs of my guests, and to my own, I immediately left the terrace and went inside to the kitchen to whip up another batch in the blender While it was whirring, the phone rang. Paul and I had been neighbors for five years, so he was family and thought nothing of answering my phone. He picked up the receiver, spoke, then shut the blender off and held out the receiver to me.

"You're under arrest"

I laughed and took the phone, and Paul discreetly removed himself back to the terrace to wait for fresh drinks and fresh news.

A couple of hours later, Diego arrived in full uniform. The doorman must have gotten wide-eyed over that one. I asked him if he wanted a drink

"Yeah. Your cock juice." He yanked off my T-shirt and shorts and slung me over his shoulder "Which way to the operatin' room, Doc?"

He looked over his shoulder at me pointing, and then hanging over his back I watched his butt bob as he hauled me into the bedroom He threw me down on the bed, and my hard-on stood straight up. He swatted it, clicked his cheeks, and unbuttoned his fly

"C'mere. Smell me. There's a day's worth of sweat on these balls. '

He pressed my face into his crotch, and my cock throbbed at the feel of my cheek against his erection Even through those heavy uniform pants, I could tell it was a log-size cock he had tucked in there

"C'mere. Smell me. There's a day's worth of sweat on these balls." He pressed my face into his crotch, and my cock throbbed at the feel of my cheek against his erection. Even through those heavy uniform pants, I could tell it was a log-size cock he had tucked in there.

I chewed at his fly till his boner flopped out, a shiny, dark, uncut slab. His balls hung loose inside his pants—no underwear I gripped his butt and slid his cock into my mouth, gagging as it slammed into the back of my throat His pants slid open and I saw his cock and balls in all their hairy glory. He didn't just have cock hair, it was a pelt. He let his trousers fall down around his ankles, and I nursed on his cock and ran my hands over his hairy thighs. I felt his gun tap against my hand as I gripped his wide hips and sucked him deeper

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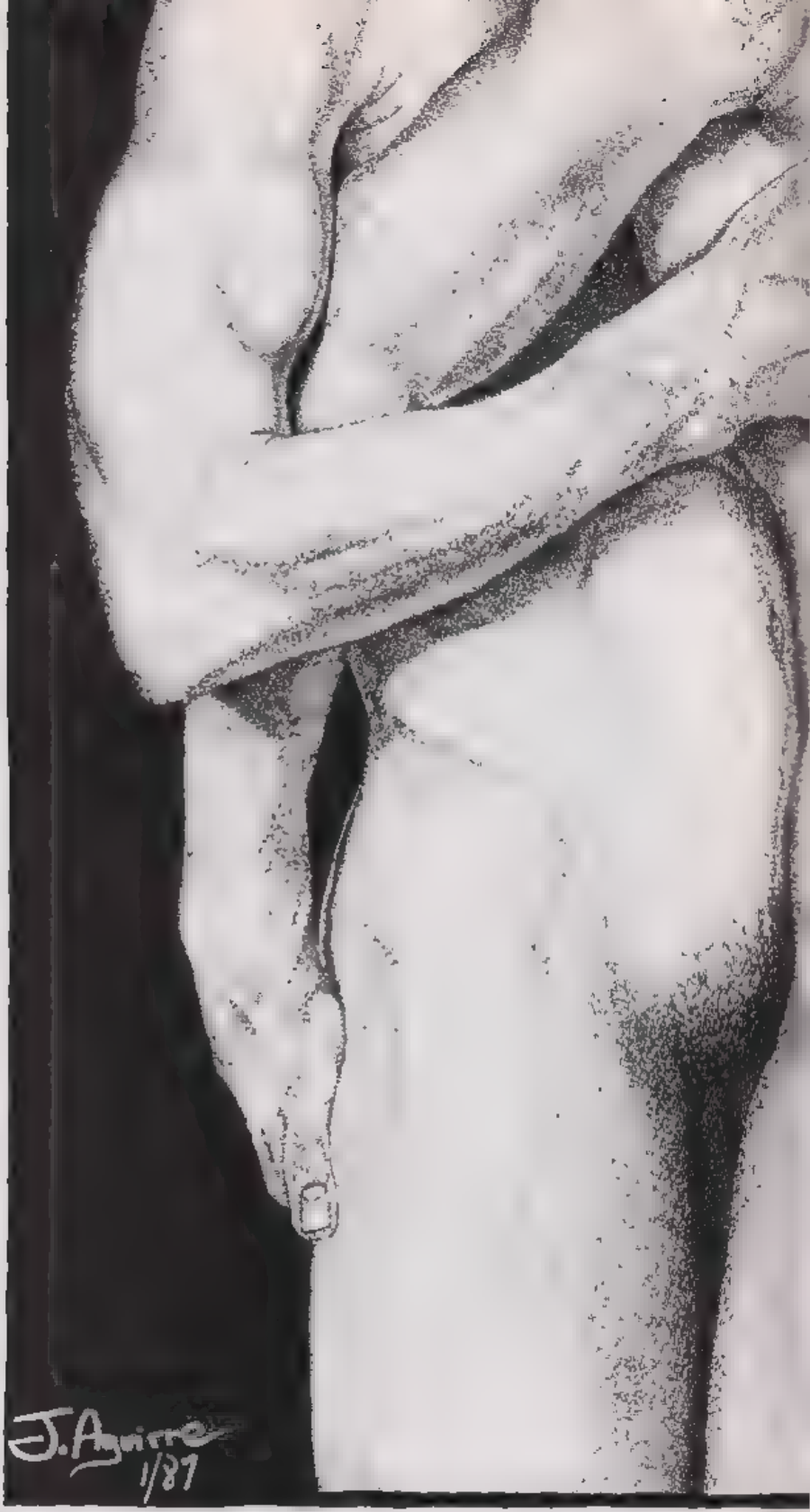
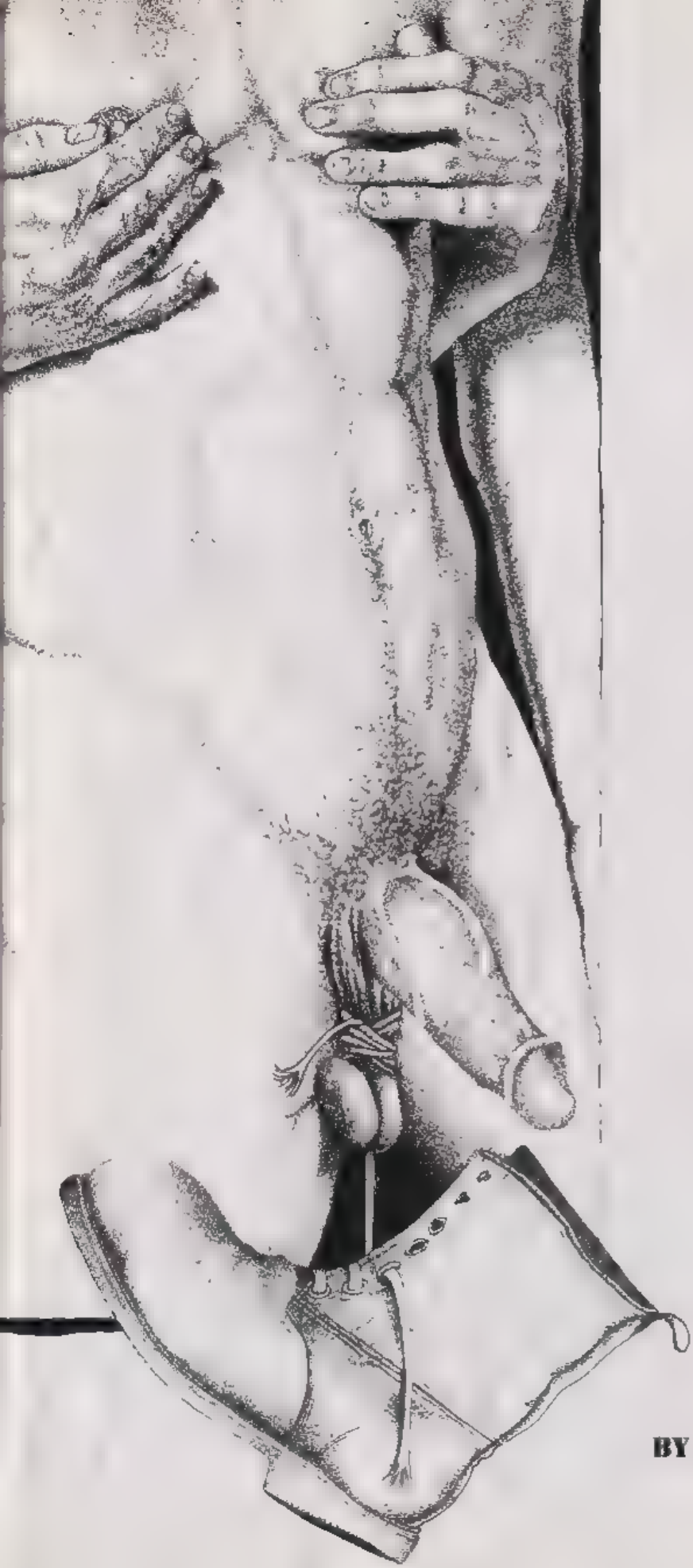


USED BOOTS



I've got this thing for boots, especially tall lace-up boots. I just can't get enough of them. My bedroom closet is full of boots: two pairs of beat-up, almost worn-out construction boots, a pair of jump boots; an old pair of Herman Survivor hiking boots, and a pair of sixteen-inch engineer boots. I've had some really hot scenes with boot lovers in those boots and am always on the lookout for something new to add to my collection. Another pair of boots is another scene.

A couple of months ago I ran across an ad for used boots. When I answered the ad I got a small catalog listing all sorts of boots for sale. One pair especially, a pair of eight-inch brown Red Wings with hook tops, really interested me, so I sent off a check right away, hoping someone else hadn't already grabbed them up. The Red Wings would make a good addition to my collection, and I would have hot times getting one of my regular boot slaves to go down on them.

A few weeks later when I had more or less forgotten about the Red Wings, the doorbell rang just after I had come home from a rough day at the office. I wasn't in the mood to deal with anyone—or at least I thought I wasn't. When I opened the door a delivery man was standing there, a damned good-looking delivery man, holding a big, beaten-up box which looked like it had been kicked across the country.

"You Jim Haynes?"

"Yeah," I said.

"Got a package here for you. Sign for it?"

As I reached over for the clipboard, he dropped the box. I bent down to pick it up, and the guy put a big-booted foot on top of the box—looked like a mean, well-worn Corcoran. I didn't know quite what to do. There I was bent over trying to pick up this box, and the guy clearly wasn't about to move his boot. I felt like a fool. I looked up at his bearded face, pausing over his crotch, where I noticed a pretty big bulge in his tight khakis.

He smiled at me and kicked open the top flap of the box. "Looks like you got a pair of old boots in there," he said. "Why would anyone send you a pair of old boots?" And then as he rubbed the bulge in his pants, a mean-looking grin came across his face.

BY JAY PAGE • ART BY AGUIRRE

MY FACE WAS STILL BURIED INSIDE THE OLD RED WING. WITHOUT WARNING, I FELT THE STUD'S FAT COCKHEAD POP INTO MY ASS. WITH A DEEP GRUNT, WHICH SOUNDED LIKE IT STARTED FROM HIS TOES DEEP INSIDE HIS CORCORANS, HE SLAMMED HOME THE OTHER EIGHT INCHES OF HIS COCK.

I was still down there on the floor, my hands on the box, looking into the hunk's dark-brown eyes. He was about six feet tall and looked like he weighed a solid hundred and eighty. A pair of strong-looking hairy arms were folded across his chest, holding the clipboard. He moved his big black boot right under my face, so all I could see was about eleven inches of boot and black leather laces.

"You've got to sign for it first, man."

Red as a beet, I stood up and tried to act cool, but this guy had me a bit scared, or at least intimidated. I'd never met anyone who came on so strong so fast, who was so much in control of a situation before I could even figure out what was happening. As I reached for the clipboard, he kicked the box at my feet, almost knocking me off balance. He looked into my eyes and grinned that "you're-nothing-but-a-piece-of-shit" grin. God, this guy was hot and I didn't know what was coming down. I didn't want him to get away, but I also wasn't sure what I was getting in for.

I scribbled my name on the line he pointed to and reached down again for the box. Again the asshole put his booted foot on top of the box. Now or never, I thought. I bent all the way down and gave his big leather toe a quick lick with my tongue and looked up at him, letting him know I was his, as if he didn't already know it. He moved his boot off the box and walked into the house, leaving me out on the front porch still bent over the box. As I grabbed the box by the top flap, it came completely open and one of the boots rolled out onto the steps. I scrambled around for a few seconds, picking up boots and box, then finally got myself into the house. I felt like an uncoordinated fool.

The delivery man was standing across the room rubbing his crotch with both hands. I walked over to him, never breaking eye contact with those big brown eyes, knowing that this guy was going to call all the shots.

"Get down and clean 'em."

He didn't have to tell me twice. Almost before the words were out of his mouth I was down on my hands and knees in front of those scuffed-up, big black boots, running my tongue first over the toe of one of them, being sure to get it good and wet, especially where the top and sole met. A lot of spit went into the double stitching across the toe. I held on to the back of the boot with both hands, afraid the stud was going to move that gorgeous booted foot before I had done justice to it. I wanted him to know he had someone at his feet who could really make him proud of his stompers.

My tongue went up and down the shaft of the boot, my chin brushing across the worn leather laces. Next I worked my tongue in and out through the laces, slurping up their salty, acidic taste. After about five minutes on that first boot, I moved over to his right one and started the same thing on it. First the toe and then the shaft and then in and out through the laces with my tongue, trying to get my tongue onto the soft, worn tongue of the boot itself—the very best part of it.

When I thought I had done enough to show him I meant business, I squatted down on the floor and looked up once again into his brown eyes. He slowly pulled off his khaki work shirt and flexed his big hairy chest, fingering his tits, rolling the nipples back and forth between thumb and fingers. Then he moved his hands down and rubbed the ridges of his hard, flat stomach. The bulge in his crotch seemed even bigger. My mouth started watering as I thought about what I knew had to be a big cock. Everything about this man was big and hot.

When I reached up to undo his belt, the asshole hauled off and kicked me in the crotch with his heavy boot.

"I didn't tell you you were finished with my boots, scum."

He raised his right boot toward my mouth and tried to shove it down my throat. The toe was so big I could barely get my mouth around it, but I sucked on it for all I was worth, at the same time pulling my throbbing cock out of my pants. I must have pleased him because he put his foot back down on the floor.

Something happened then. I went wild. I *had* to bury my face in the soft, smelly inside of that boot.

I began to work at one of the laces with my teeth, first undoing the bow, then gradually pulling the lace out of the eyelets, one by one. I worked down about eight eyelets, until I had the front of that boot open wide enough so my mouth could have a slow, wet go at the front of the boot tongue. The guy's gray cotton socks smelled like they hadn't been off his feet in a week, but that was like heaven to me and made me lick even harder, until the leather was shining. I pulled the tongue out and stuck my face between the tongue and the guy's sock. I knew I had him. I knew no one had ever made love to his boots like this before.

I stopped for air for just a moment, ready to go right back down on the boots, but he grabbed me by my hair and pulled my face up to his crotch. He slowly unbuckled his belt, unsnapped his pants, unzipped his fly, and opened his pants to show me a bulging, dirty jock. Without getting off the floor, I slipped out of my shirt and jeans and I sat my naked ass on top of the boot my tongue had just polished, my hard cock jammed against the exposed boot tongue. Then I went to work on the jock, licking it with big wet slurps and trying to suck his pre-cum through the dirty material.

He didn't let me work on his jock for long. After only a couple of minutes, he pulled his jock and pants down and up stood a fat nine-inch slab of uncut meat with a pair of bull-size balls hanging real low from the

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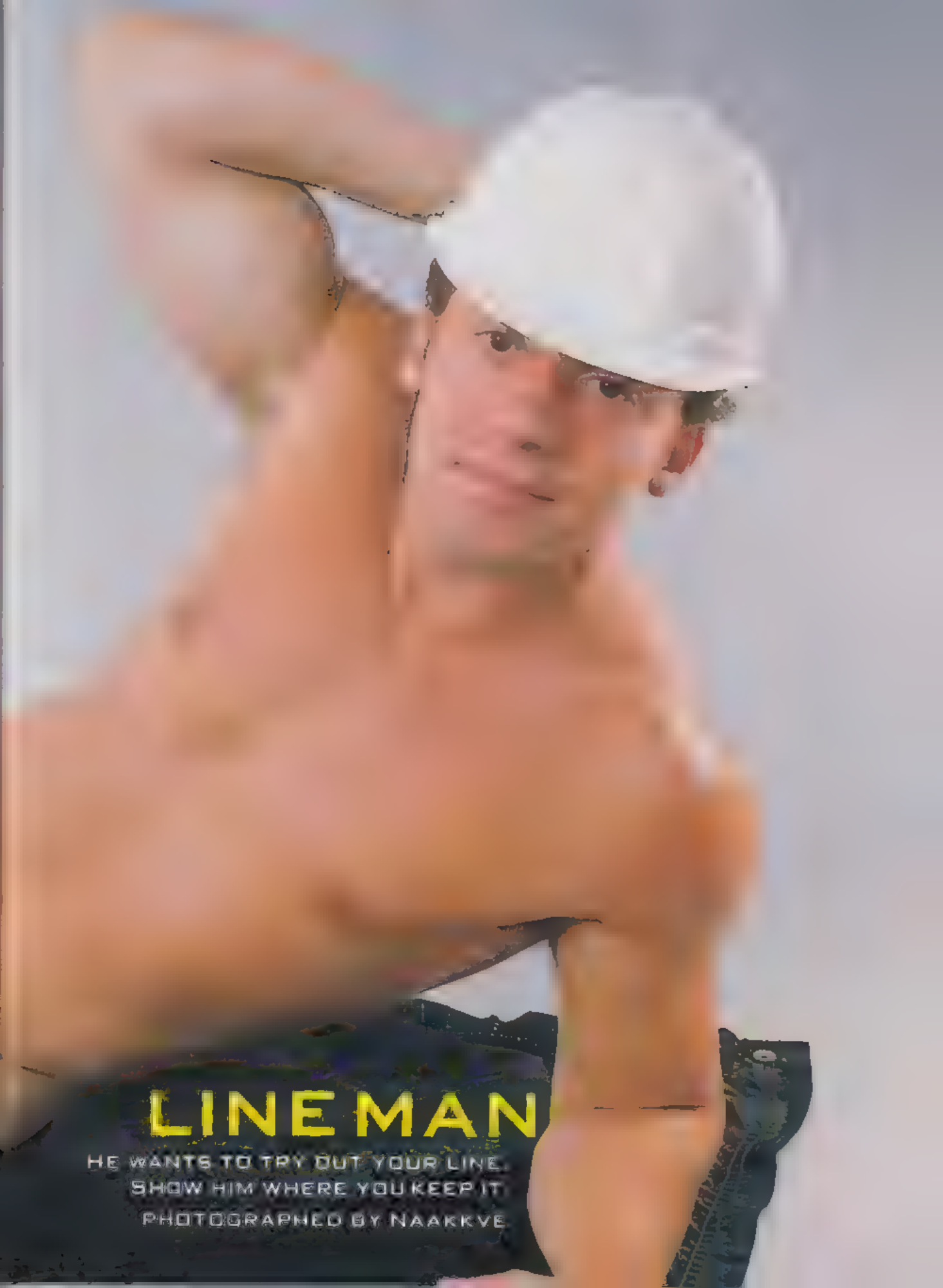
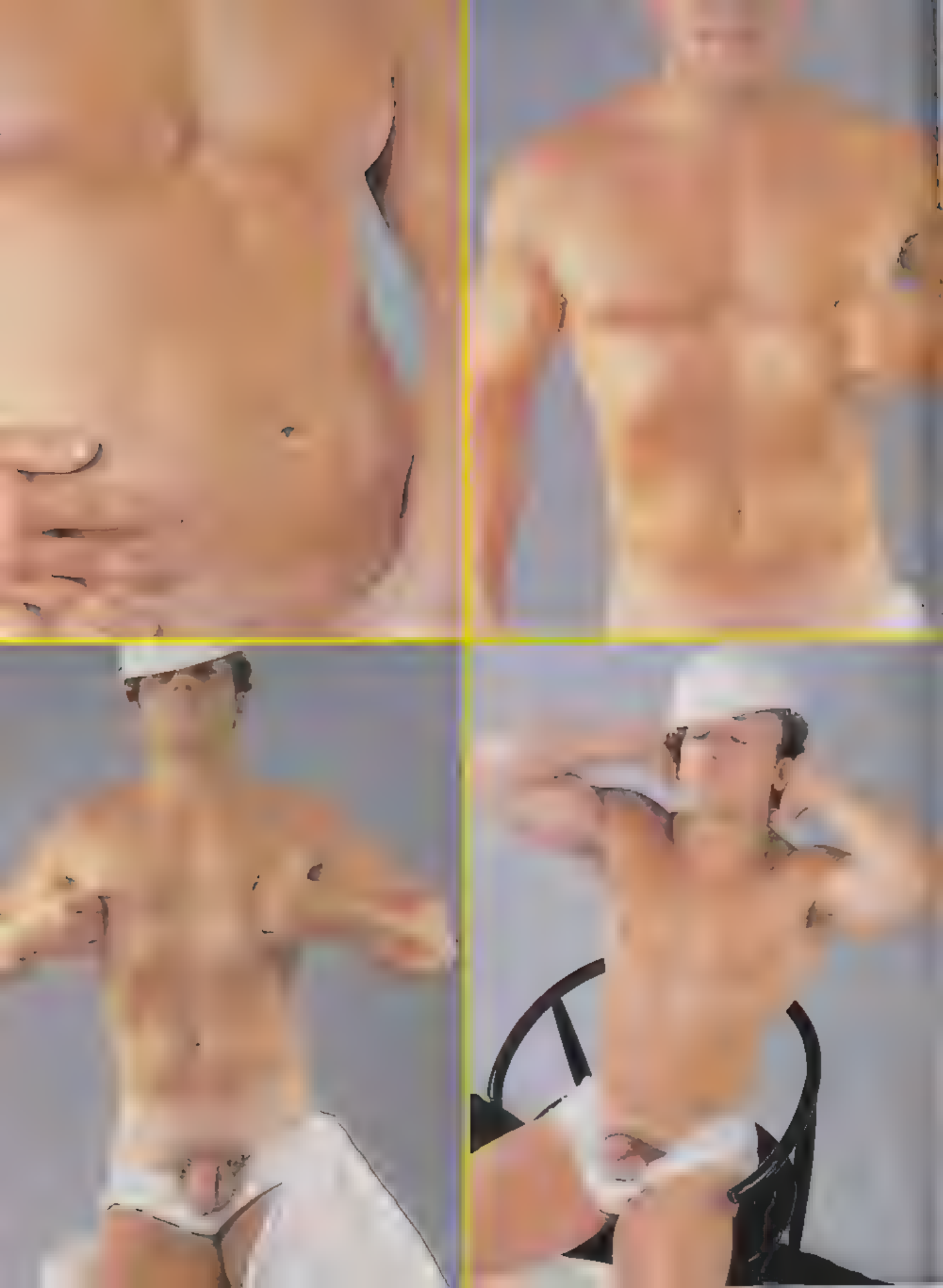

LINE MAN
HE WANTS TO TRY OUT YOUR LINE.
SHOW HIM WHERE YOU KEEP IT.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY NAAKKVE



LINE
MAN
GET OUT HIS TOOLS
AND GET OUT OF
LINE.

LINE
MAN

Hell Hole

Brady stepped into the murky club and blinked, the harsh blast of cigarette smoke stinging his eyes. The heavy-metal music blared in his unaccustomed ears and he blanched. He removed the thick, horn-rimmed glasses covering his handsome dark-blue eyes and cleaned them quickly on his tie. It didn't clear the smoke fog. The room was so filled with burning cigarettes that Brady wondered why the smoke alarms were not activated. He walked up to the crowded bar, unaware of the curious stares at his neatly tailored, pinstripe suit. The club was jammed with men in leather gear, T-shirts, and faded jeans. There was even a sprinkling of punkers. He was the only yuppie, and he stood out. *Really* stood out.

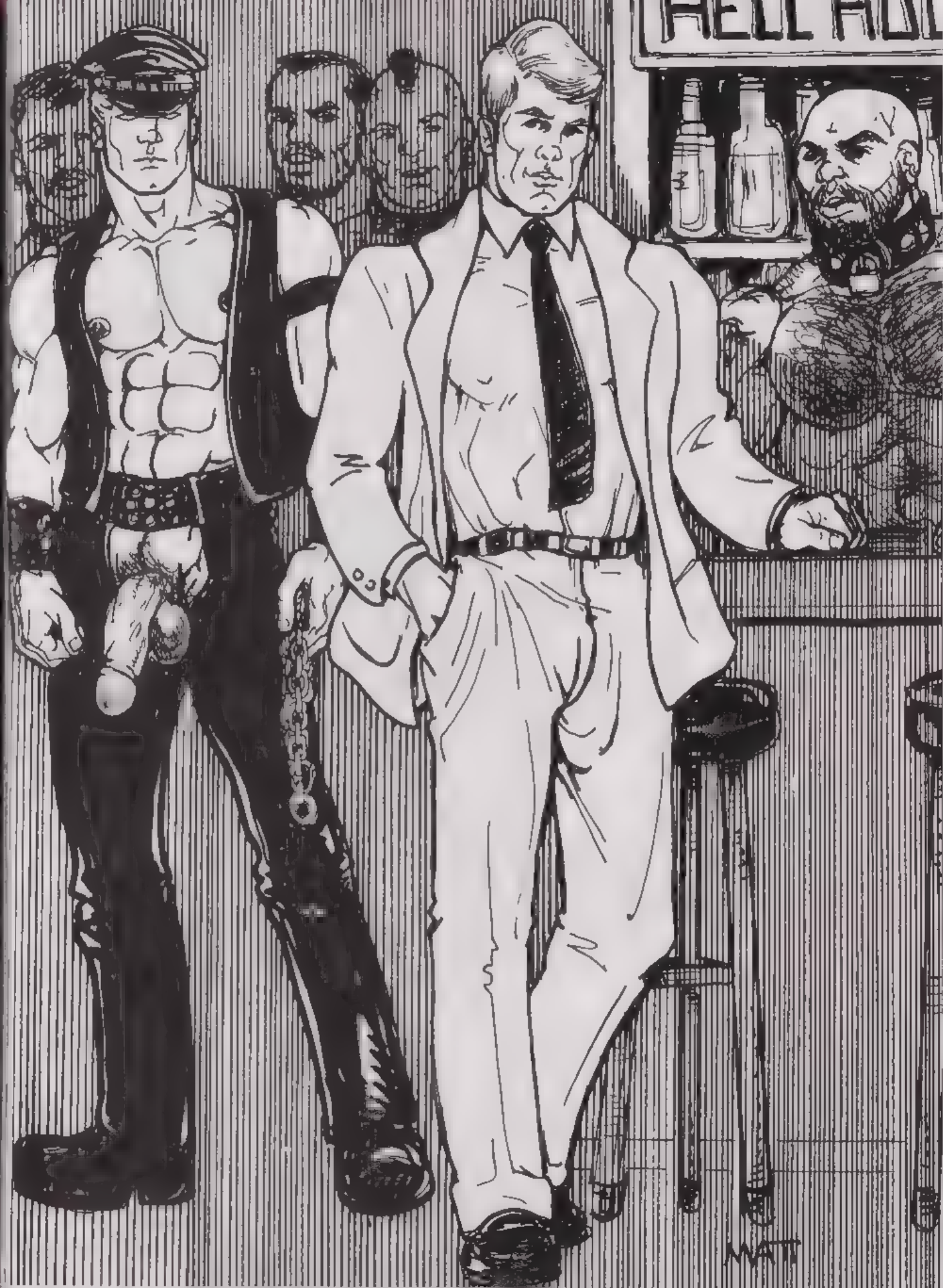
"Yeah, whatcha need?" asked the bartender in a surly manner, indicating that Brady couldn't need anything they had to offer.

"A club soda with a lemon twist," Brady replied.

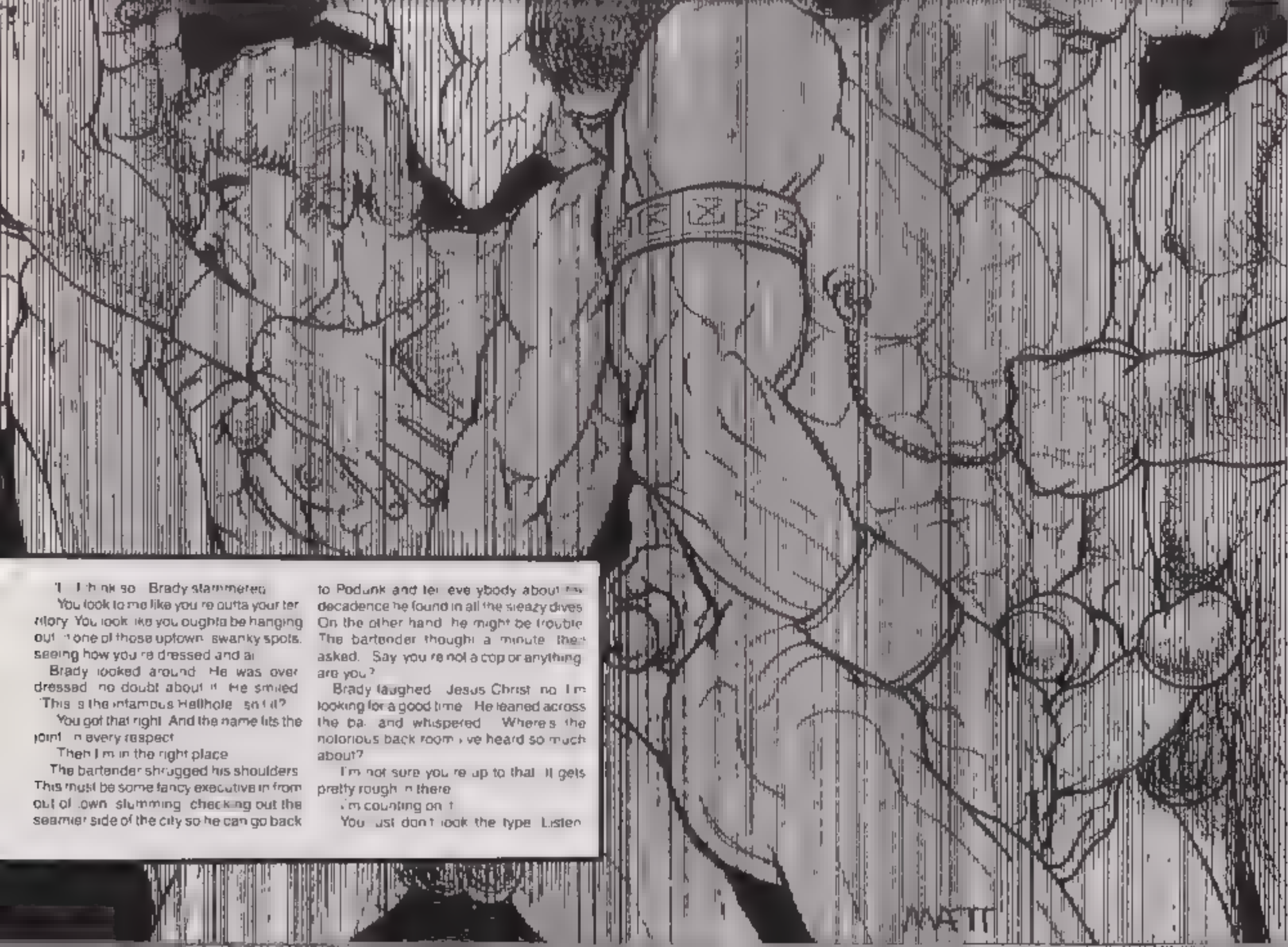
The bartender turned his head to hide a smirk. Those nearest Brady laughed out loud. Setting down the drink, the bartender tried to size up this strange duck who'd found his way into the Hellhole, clearly by mistake.

An expensive suit hid Brady's body, which was well toned from the racquetball court, but it couldn't disguise his sculpted muscles altogether. His broad shoulders. Hard biceps. Bulging crotch. Hefty thighs. The short, trim cut did little to enhance his honey-blond hair; on the contrary, it gave his face a hard edge, as did the thick glasses. Contacts would have been better.

"You sure you got the right place?" asked the bartender.


HELL

FRESH
MEAT


I... I think so Brady stammered
You look to me like you're outta your territory You look like you oughta be hanging out in one of those uptown swanky spots. seeing how you're dressed and all
Brady looked around He was overdressed no doubt about it He smiled This is the infamous Hellhole isn't it?
You got that right And the name fits the joint in every respect
Then I'm in the right place
The bartender shrugged his shoulders This must be some fancy executive in from out of town slumming checking out the seamier side of the city so he can go back to Podunk and tell everybody about the decadence he found in all the sleazy dives On the other hand he might be trouble The bartender thought a minute then asked. Say you're not a cop or anything are you?
Brady laughed Jesus Christ no I'm looking for a good time He leaned across the bar and whispered Where's the notorious back room I've heard so much about?
I'm not sure you're up to that It gets pretty rough in there
I'm counting on it
You just don't look the type Listen
WATT

"Look, buddy," said the bartender, "do us both a favor and go some place else. This joint's for the initiated. The hardcore. You look wet behind the ears. No offense, you understand. But what's in the back room is for the . . . well, I just don't think you're ready."

Mac, I'm trying to steer you right A clean-cut fella like you? Take a good look at what you're up against'

"Let me be the judge, okay?"

"Suit yourself."

Up to that night, Brady's sexual experience had been mostly limited to X-rated films, where he would masturbate surreptitiously onto the floor as the action flickered on the screen. Or poring over photo spreads of hot hunks getting it on, in the expensive kind of slick magazines whose coated paper make it easy to wash off cum spots. He'd only recently come out and he was eager for some serious one-on-one contact He was overdue Everything he'd heard told him that the Hellhole was just the right place

"Look, buddy," said the bartender, "do us both a favor and go some place else This joint's for the initiated The hardcore You look wet behind the ears. No offense, you understand But what's in the back room is for the . .well, I just don't think you're ready. Look, you seem like a real nice guy—"

"When I leave here," Brady grinned, "I expect all that to be changed"

"Whatever you want. But don't say I didn't warn you."

"Just point me in the right direction"

"Al. the way to the rear and take the only unlocked door you come to." The bartender then added, "Before you jump in, you better have a stiff one for the road."

Brady tossed down the drink before he realized it was a shot of straight scotch It hit his stomach like lead The bartender poured a second, tipping the glass under Brady's reluctant lips. He downed it instantly and grimaced from the sharp, alien taste

"It'll help," the bartender assured him Trust me. You don't know what you're letting yourself in for"

As Brady made his way to the back of the bar, the light grew dimmer and dimmer It was almost pitch black when he located the unlocked door His head was spinning from the scotch He cleared his throat, gripped the knob for a split second, then turned it When he crossed the threshold, he triggered a neon sign over the door which repeatedly flashed in bright red *Fresh Meat! Fresh Meat! Fresh Meat!*"

There was enough of a rosy glow from the flashing neon so that Brady could just make out the shadowy figures moving around. An acrid aroma in the close air rushed up his nostrils, assaulting the tender membranes It was an intense combination of poppers, sweat, and stale air

A low whispering ran around the room like a breeze rustling field grass, and Brady was suddenly surrounded by hot men in varying degrees of arousal. They joked about his peculiar clothes, touching his suit and tie like they were the uniform of a space creature

"What have we here?"

"One of those rich, uptight uptown assholes, looks like to me."

'Hey, look, guys," Brady said, slightly alarmed, "I just got here. This is all kind of new to me. Give me a second to get my bearings"

His arms were grabbed roughly, and laughter dinned in his ears

"Trim the beef!" someone shouted behind him

His suit coat was peeled off and disappeared over their heads

"Now wait just a goddamned minute!" Brady protested

He tried to pull free, but too many strong hands gripped him Other hands yanked his belt open and his zipper down His trousers were quickly lost in the darkness, followed by his shoes and socks

'Hold it!' Brady shouted, but they paid him no attention

The buttons on his crisp white dress shirt groaned as the material tore. The shirt was rapidly pulled from Brady's body. In no time, his jockey shorts were ripped off Struggling was useless. They stripped him to the skin, except for his necktie and the elastic waistband from his underwear which they used as levers to pull him from man to man, each fondling and massaging him in turn His heart pounded He'd fantasized about places like the Hellhole, but his wildest fantasies didn't come close to what was happening Sweat trickled down his sides and dampened his crotch

' Get him on the horse!"

Brady was slung across the padded sawhorse, his ass hiked high, his legs spread-eagled

' Get a load of this humpy butt!" said one guy, squeezing the firm melon shapes

What seemed like a hundred hands descended on Brady, covering him from head to toe. A plastic bottle of baby oil was produced, and Brady felt the warm liquid hitting his body from neck to ass. A hundred fingers rubbed it into his skin, several lingering over his nipples until they were stiff, others running down his tight stomach and into his pubic hair, others coating his dick and balls. Oily fingers worked down his back and into his ass crack, tickling the sensitive flesh around his hole

Hey, look—" he shouted. But he was only blowing in the wind, and that reality began to dawn on him. Someone shoved

MATT

The multitude of hands continued feeling, stroking, massaging, until Brady's dick soared to its full eight inches. Slippery fingers teased the head, which dribbled a long rope of fluid, leaving him just short of blowing his wad.

another lubed finger up his ass, and then another. "That's not my bag!" Brady screamed.

"It will be when we get through!"

"I've never had it up the ass!"

"You're gonna *love* it."

The multitude of hands continued feeling, stroking, massaging, until Brady's dick soared to its full eight inches. Slippery fingers teased the head, which dribbled a long rope of fluid, leaving him just short of blowing his wad.

"Better tenderize the meat a little."

Brady's belt cut a broad arc through the thick air and fell with a crack across the meaty underside of his butt. By the time the lashing ceased, his ass was striped.

A pair of hands lifted him slightly and parted his buns, and a long, moist tongue rammed into his asshole. Whoever was back there was a real expert at eating ass. He worked the greasy sphincter until it relaxed enough to let the tongue all the way in. Brady screamed with ecstasy. In response, burning tongues covered his body—plunging into his mouth, his ears, peppering his neck and down his back, licking at his tits. Someone wiggled under the sawhorse and swallowed Brady's cock all the way to its hairy base. The novice moaned from the incredible multiple stimulation. Someone sucked a nut into his mouth, then the other nut. Brady's entire groin wrenched and tingled, and at last he gave himself up completely to the other men.

The guy rimming him abruptly backed off and plowed his dick into Brady's well-primed virgin ass. It was so tight and fiery that it gripped like super-glue. Brady yelled his surprise and shock as the stranger immediately shot off inside him. The boiling cum coursing through Brady's gut caused his own dick to swell inside the mouth that was nursing it. Before he knew what hit him, a second dick had plunged up his ass and the same thing happened again: another steamy load poured inside him.

'Damn, this is the hottest ass I've fucked in a long time. And tight as hell, too. The rest of you get back here and get a piece of the rock!"

'Let me at it!"

'Don't shove. Everybody can have a poke. He ain't goin' anywhere!"

Brady felt his cock trembling on the verge of exploding when a third man straddled him and shoved another dick into the dilated opening. This was the largest yet. It banged into Brady's prostate and forced his release. He screamed at the top of his lungs and pumped a gigantic load down the throat encasing his cock. He kept shooting until his dick went limp and the man kept sucking until he was sure Brady had no more to give.

Brady lay exhausted across the sawhorse. He could feel the expended jizm dripping down the insides of his thighs. He was utterly spent, totally satiated with sex.

Suddenly, he was pulled from the sawhorse and lowered to the floor. A leather thong was tied around his cock and balls in an improvised cockring. He soared to full hard. Someone pushed a dick in his mouth, and at the same time, his legs were pushed into the air and another dick was shoved up his ass. Everything was crazy now, completely berserk, in a kaleidoscopic explosion of sensations.

Brady lost count of how many times he came and how many dicks he took. And after a while he lost consciousness and sank into a deep, deep sleep.

The sound of a metal mop bucket being set down roughly and sloshing soapy water onto the floor was the next thing Brady was aware of. He blinked his eyes and tried to sit up, but it was agony.

The snaggle-toothed cleaning man chuckled to himself, then called to someone outside: "It's okay, he's moving. He's alive."

'Well, thank God for that."

A slender man in a clean T-shirt and jeans helped Brady onto shaky legs. 'I was ready to call the paramedics. We locked you in last night by accident and didn't find you until this morning. Sorry about that.'

"It's all right. I—I'm all right. .I think."

Brady's mouth tasted like a thousand dirty socks had been left in it overnight, and his throat was sore, not to mention his ass. The skin on his legs pinched from all the dried cum.

"We better get some coffee into you fast, and then get you on home."

"I—my glasses—my suit."

"Shit, I don't see any clothes in here. Except this." The new bartender picked up two pieces of Brady's soiled and ruined shirt. "Nothin' else. Sorry."

Brady knotted the pieces of shirt together and made a flimsy kilt.

"Let me get you some coffee."

'No—no—I just want to go home. I'd appreciate it if you'd call me a cab."

"Sure, mister. Whatever you say. I'll even pay for it. It's the least we can do after leaving you here all night. You sure you're okay? I don't need to call a doctor or anything?"

Just a cab."

The cabbie barely took note of Brady's strange attire. He'd picked up much worse "the morning after" at the Hellhole.

The bartender looked anxiously into the taxi window, still concerned about Brady's condition. "Is there anything else you need?"

"Yeah, there is one more thing," Brady said. "I need to know what time you open tonight." There was a grin on his tired face, a very big, very un-naive grin. ■

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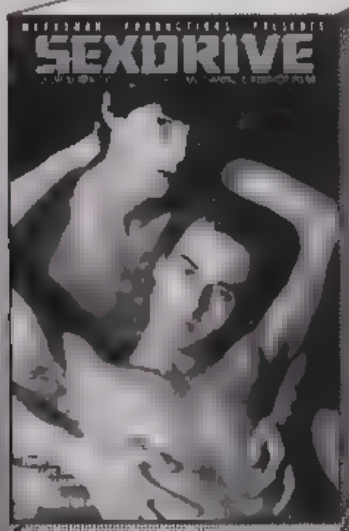

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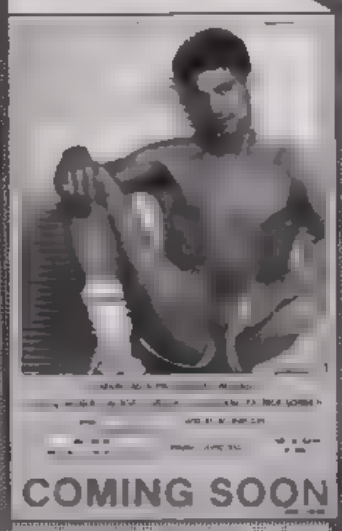

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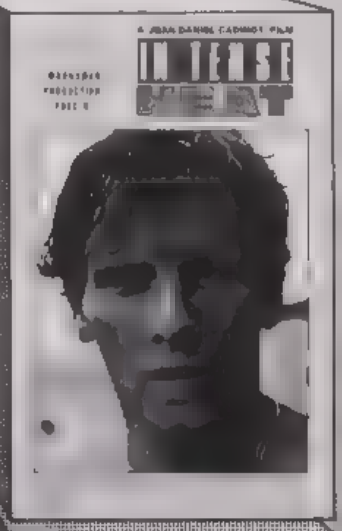

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USED BOOTS

Continued from page 12

base. He pulled on his balls a couple of times, and then I grabbed them in one hand and held tight on them as he pulled my mouth onto his thick, hard cock. My tongue played with the drop of pre-cum oozing out of his cockhead, then pushed back the tight foreskin. After that, I went down on him all the way to his balls, determined to show him I could suck cock as well as I could suck boots. With my right hand I reached around to hold onto his buns while my other hand played with my own dripping cock, bumping against the soft leather of his boot.

He let me deep-throat his cock for a while, then suck on his balls, pulling them both into my mouth and stretching them away from the base of his cock as far as I could. He grabbed my ears and pulled me up to his mouth and gave me a long, slow wet kiss, shoving his tongue halfway down my throat. Then he pushed me away so hard I almost lost my balance.

'Get your new boots. I wanna see how they look on you."

I went across the room, buck naked with my cock pointing the way, and picked up my new pair of used Red Wings. I brought the boots over to him and dropped them on the floor. One boot had no laces, so I picked up the one with laces and bent over to put it on my foot.

'You asshole. That's not where a boot licker wears his boots." The delivery man grabbed the boot away from me and at the same time grabbed my balls, which were every bit as big as his and a little bit lower hanging. He pushed my legs apart and tied the boot laces around my balls. When he let go of the boot, I thought my balls were going to go through the floor. He then started pushing the boot back and forth, at first gently, watching it swing between my legs stretching my balls, then harder and harder. I thought my balls were going to rupture, but I was also getting off on the pain. And I knew it was making the stud happy.

While he kept the boot swinging with one hand, his other hand worked over my tits. They felt like they were on fire; my balls felt like they were being jerked off. The whole time, the stud was telling me what a good boot slave I could be with some serious training, as if this were just the beginning.

After a while, he picked up the other boot, the one with no laces, and grabbed the boot swinging between my balls and pulled me across the room to the dining room table. He put the boot without laces on the table, spread it wide open, and pulled out the tongue. Before I knew what had happened, he grabbed my head from behind and shoved my face into the open boot.

"Eat out the inside," he said, shoving my face in deeper.

My tongue obeyed him.

"That's right. Eat that boot. Get ready, you're going to get fucked by a boot man."

His hand kept rubbing my face around in that old boot, which had been on God knows whose foot. With his other hand he rubbed my naked ass. He slapped my cheeks pretty hard a couple of times and then gently rubbed his rough hand over them. He alternated back and forth: hard slap, gentle rubbing.

He started probing my ass: first gently with one finger, then jabbing with two and three fingers, assaulting my prostate, opening up my asshole. My face was still buried inside the old Red Wing, and I inhaled deeply of the sweet aroma of years of sweaty feet. It was like poppers exploding in my brain.

Without warning, I felt the stud's fat cockhead pop into my ass. He paused for a fraction of a second, then with a deep grunt which sounded like it started from his toes deep inside his Corcorans, he slammed home the other eight inches of his cock. My long scream was smothered in the boot.

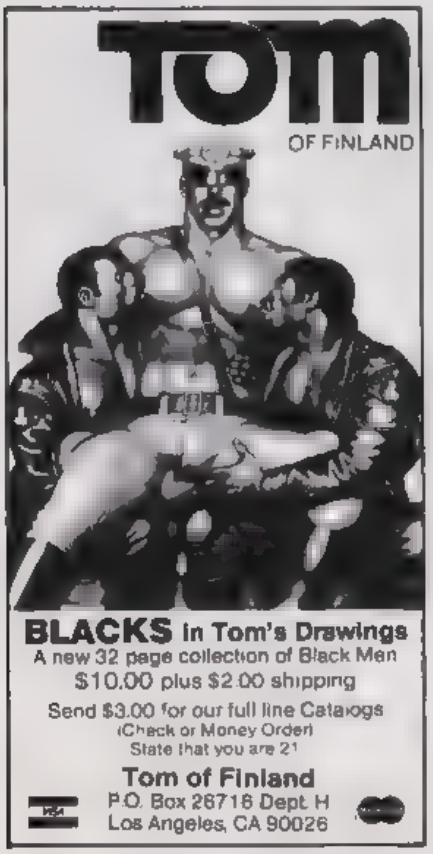
He began a slow, deep fuck, pulling his cock almost all the way out, then pushing steadily all the way back in, his hips slowly rotating.

It felt like he went on for hours. While my ass was being reamed out, I was getting drunk on the smell of old leather and sweat inside the Red Wing, damp with my breath, and the other boot hanging from my balls swung back and forth in the rhythm of his fucking. Every time his cock rammed up my ass, my balls felt like they were being pulled a little bit further away from my body by the jerking boot.

I reached down and grabbed my cock and gave it a few quick pulls. My ass squeezed shut on the stud's cock, but somehow he managed to pull it out. It felt like a watermelon being hauled out of my ass. My cock geysered cum all over the floor. A moment later, I felt the delivery man's hot cream spill into the crack of my ass.

I collapsed on the table and gradually slid off onto the floor, a wasted heap, completely worn out. When I looked up, the delivery man was wiping the cum off his cock with an old napkin. He pulled up his jock and pants and stuffed his still-hard cock back inside. He put his foot in the chair in front of me and began to lace up his boot, which only a little while before my teeth had unlaced. As he finished lacing up, I leaned over and gave the leather toe a long, wet slurp with my tongue.

He pulled on his shirt and walked toward the door. With his hand on the knob he turned to me and said, "Looks like those boots fit pretty good." ■



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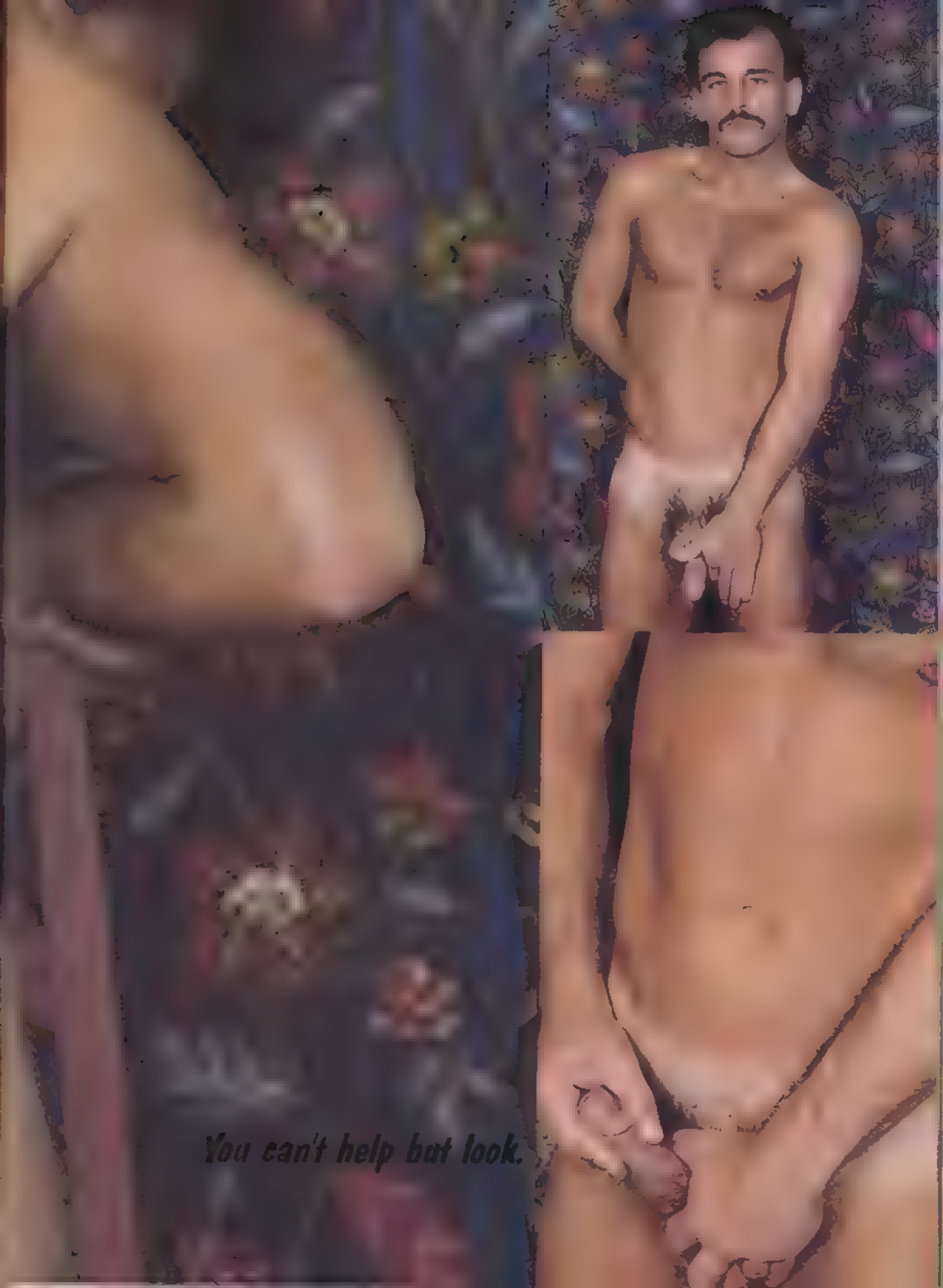
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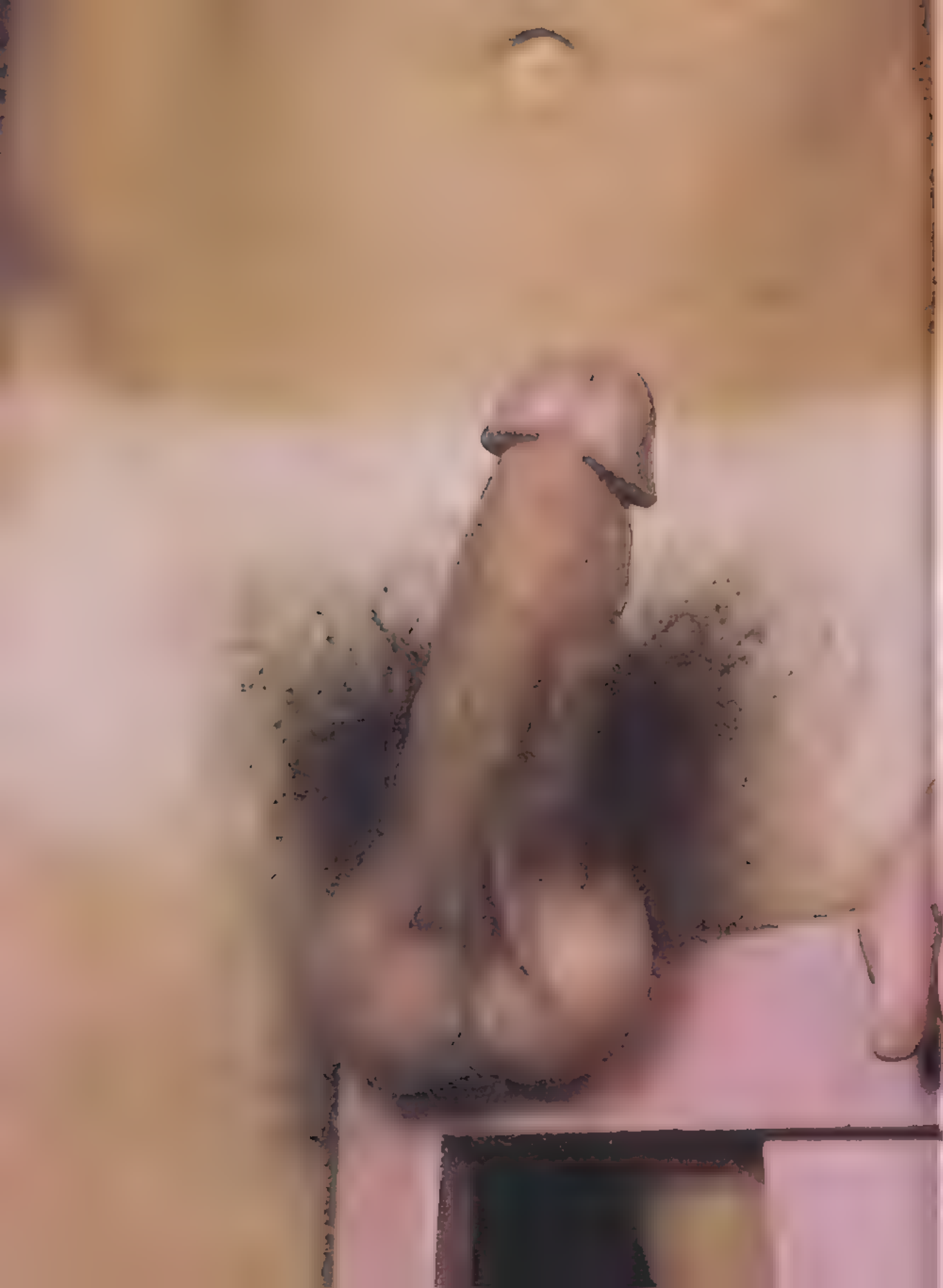

GOING TO BED ON CHRISTMAS EVE

BY KENN RICHIE
PHOTO BY MALEXPRESS

I looked up at the cracked and peeling paint on my ceiling and thought of how difficult it used to be to get to sleep on this night, how the anticipation of hoof beats on the roof would become dreams of flying reindeer. I guess I still cling to all my dream-come-true ideas, but at my age they tend to turn into sarcastic jokes and superstitions. For me, it was no longer difficult to go to bed on this night; it was only painful to do it alone. I was, to put it mildly, feeling damned sorry for myself.

The television had offered merry, merry musical specials all evening, with one good action cop show thrown in for bad measure. A smattering of blood and violence kept things from getting too dreamy, but yet another rendition of "Silent Night" in wood-chip snowflakes soon followed. The set was off now. It was no longer fun to try to see the cracks in the ceiling as drawings of mysterious things. Time to drift off.

The tapping at the door annoyed me out of my half-sleep, but once I realized what it meant, I was thrilled. I hadn't been forgotten after all! I wasn't about to fling the door open, however. I had had my share of charities and con artists taking advantage of the sentimental mood the night inspired. From behind the closed door, I called out to ask who it was, and a young voice answered, "I need your help, Hal." I knew the voice and hurried to admit the slender, attractive young man from the apartment three floors below. I had fun calling him "Squirt" in spite of his attempts to follow the neighborhood's demands that he grow up as fast as possible.

"We had our Christmas tonight," George announced as he entered. "My Mom knew I wanted to come up and see you, but when she opened that envelope and saw the movie tickets you got for her, she damn near pushed me. God, that was so perfect! She says she'll never be able to thank you. She loves movies but can't afford to go. This way she can use the passes on matinees. Thanks. Really, thanks."

You're welcome, but you didn't have to rush up here in the middle of the night."

"Yeah, I did, but not so much for that," he answered, making himself as comfortable as he would in his own place, although I had deliberately avoided having him visit mine in the past. "Don't you remember? Christmas is also my birthday."

Oh, yeah," I recalled, sitting back on my bed and pulling the sheet to cover my bare legs. "Dirty trick on a kid. He misses out on presents."

"Remember last summer when I came on to you?" he teased. "We talked about making out. I did, anyway. But you got into a big dither about me being underage. Well, happy birthday to me, and merry Christmas to you."

"What?"

"I'm not underage anymore," he grinned. You did say to me that my age was the only reason you said no, that it wasn't that you didn't like me."

You're still a little squirt as far as I'm concerned," I laughed nervously. "I'm a good fifteen years older than you. Allowing for early puberty, I'm old enough to be your father."

"And now I'm old enough for legal sex," he concluded. "Hey, I've been working on this and planning it a long time. For one thing, Mom knows all about it. She's open-minded as all hell. I don't have to keep secrets with her. She knows some of the girls I've had and everything. So it was no big deal when I told her that I thought I might like men better—you know, everything I tried to tell you last summer. I told her I wanted to experiment to find out if maybe I was going to turn out gay or bi, and she agreed with me that I should. You know what, Hal? She said that if I was going to experiment, she hoped I'd do it with a mature, understanding, nice man like you. We've got her blessing. Only when I came on to you, you gave me that shit about being underage. As of tonight, I'm not. So let's do it."

I needed a few minutes to gather my startled wits, but I wasn't given much help by the neighbors in the apartment just across from my window. They had picked this moment of this previously silent night for one of their fierce fights, and it seemed

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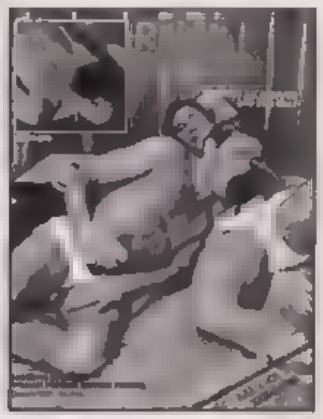

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they would end up with him beating the hell out of her again. The squirt and I acknowledged it with frowns and raised eyebrows, then just stared at one another across the small room. God, but he was a beautiful, fresh, delicious-looking creature!

"What exactly did you have in mind?

"All of it, everything," he gulped, finally showing a bit of nervousness. "But I want to be your Christmas present, so it's up to you. I haven't tried anything with any other guy. I've been saving it for you. But I want to do it all. You know, sucking, fucking, getting fucked—hard. All of it. Whatever *you* want to do."

"You swear to me you've really thought it out, that you're absolutely sure you want to do it, and with me?"

"I've already got one hell of a hard-on," he grinned.

"I've already noticed," I nodded. "Look, we're a bit off balance right now. You've been planning this, and I've just been taken completely by surprise. If I were going to be like your teacher, then I'd want you to experience all the getting-there things—the cruising, the flirting, the teasing. Here I am already in nothing but my jock shorts and in bed, and you're sitting there saying let's go."

"I see what you mean," he said, and started taking off his shoes and socks. "Getting each other hot and all. But I can figure that out. Hey, watch me get undressed. I'll sort of tease you by showing myself to you. Maybe that will get you as hot as I am."

It did. And I knew I'd never call him squirt again. He had the act of undressing down to a very sleek and stylish art, a magnificently masculine striptease. His skin was appealingly soft and pale; yet it was stretched tightly across a manly, muscular chest. He turned his back to me after removing his pants so that I could watch him peel off his last garment, a pair of bikini briefs, over his compact ivory cheeks.

I managed to get my own shorts off at the same time, but still rather tentatively kept the sheet over my lap. He stood there stretching his tall, supple young body, until I was going crazy for him to show me his cock. But I realized that his long pose was not to torment me. He was going through some nervousness of his own, knowing that I was viewing his ass with a grown man's lust.

He finally turned, holding his meat down with one hand until he saw the smile on my face. Then he released his cock with the same sort of pride his mother displayed when she brought one of her baked lasagnes to the table.

It was one of the most beautiful organs I had ever seen. Saliva gushed from the backs of my cheeks as I marveled at the firm, straight shaft jutting out and slightly upward a solid seven inches, perhaps more, tapering gently from a thick base, then suddenly giving way to a spearhead crown.

He stepped close and I fondled it with trembling fingers.

"Merry Christmas, Hal," he whispered, as he reached down to pull the sheet from my lap. "And happy birthday to *me*!" he gasped.

I couldn't take my eyes off his young, ripe, anxious manhood. This was the little boy I'd watched grow up, the little kid who lived downstairs? He moved to lie beside me on my bed, and we lay close, smiling at one another. He ran his fingers through the thick growth on my chest, then looked into my eyes.

"What do you want to play with first?" he whispered. "This Christmas toy comes fully assembled, but without instructions. It's up to you."

"Lie back and I'm gonna suck you crazy."

"Mmmmmm," he sighed, then tensed slightly. "Hal? Wouldn't it be better if I do you first? I think maybe I'll do a better job of it if I'm more excited—you know, if I haven't come first."

"We could do it together, a sixty-nine," I suggested.

"I think I'd rather suck yours first, and concentrate on doing a good job of that."

"I'm not going to argue, even though . . . see now that this toy does come with instructions."

I lay back and presented myself to him. He sat up over me and fondled and caressed my raging cock and churning balls for several minutes. Then he stopped and, staring uncertainly at my cock, stammered, "I—I guess I just—I just do it now, huh?"

I felt like a greedy, selfish son of a bitch all of a sudden. The guy was entitled to some affection, some reassuring rubs of his arms and shoulders, to a few instructions on the basic art of sucking cock.

I lifted myself to my elbows and ran a hand over his strong back. I suggested that he let himself get used to the tastes and smells, that he lick around my balls and up and down my shaft, that he work himself up gradually to taking my length into his mouth. He followed my instructions, and I lay back down again, whimpering and moaning with the thrill of his tongue washing between my legs.

"Shut up down there," a distant voice commanded, but it was directed down be-

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CONTINUES THE TRADITION

H O T E L

Versailles

Dear Tom,
Once again you and your staff have outdone yourselves. Your new hotel is the only place to stay in Palm Springs and that's obvious from all the beautiful men around the pool. Thanks and we'll see you again real soon. . . .
Cliff and Bob
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Tom,
Thank you for your warm hospitality during our visit. You and your staff helped make our stay most memorable!"
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tween the buildings to the raging verbal battle across the way.

"Tell me if I do anything wrong. Tell me how to make it better," he said as he took my cock in his mouth and started down the length of it.

Indeed, he did need some instructions to keep him from gagging too soon on my bulky meat, to keep his lips sliding with ease. Finally, he had a firm lip-grasp near the base, as far down as I dared hope he'd

[redacted]

"What exactly did you have in mind?"
"All of it, everything," he gulped, finally showing a bit of nervousness. "But I want to be your Christmas present, so it's up to you. I haven't tried anything with any other guys. I've been saving it for you."

[redacted]

be able to go on his first attempt at cocksucking. He didn't need to be told to ride up and down on it. That much he knew by pure instinct.

'Oh, yeah, baby! Oh, feels so good, man. That's got it. Oh, man, you are sucking cock now. You're doin' it. You're *doin'* it. Suck my cock, baby. Ohhh.

I don't know which miserable interruption enraged me the most, the hideous scream from my brawling neighbors across the way or the pounding on my door. George sat up quickly and my cock sprang out of his hot lips. He covered himself with the sheet and lay back to take a rest while I grabbed the pillow and, holding it in front of my crotch, went to the door. I opened it on a burly hunk of a man who was familiar to me, but I couldn't quite remember where I had seen his smiling face before.

'Merry Christmas. Remember me? I guess it was a few months ago. I was here to fix your plumbing. C'mon, you've got to remember the shitty things I said when I caught on that you were gay and kinda in the mood to make out."

"Yes, I do remember."

"It was that male skin magazine on your coffee table. I thought you'd put it there for me to see, hoping it would turn me on. I guess I said some pretty rotten things."

"That you did. You didn't have to get so pissed off just because I found you attractive."

"I agree. I've thought about it a lot. I feel real bad, because that wasn't really what pissed me off. And what did wasn't your fault. Anyway, I know now that you wanting me that way was flattering. And then I got to thinking that I could give you what you want and have a hell of a time myself. So, like, it's Merry Christmas, man. Let's make it a night to remember. Well? You going to ask me in?"

'Well, I—"

'Why not three of us, Hal?" George chimed in.

"Oh, I'm sorry," the hunky plumber apologized. "I should have known a hot dude like you would be booked up on Christmas Eve. But shit, the way you looked at my ass that day, I thought sure I could get you to fuck my guts out tonight."

"I want to," I gulped.

"Hey, that's fine with me," George insisted. "C'mon, you can fuck him. And if you still want to suck me, maybe you can do us both at the same time."

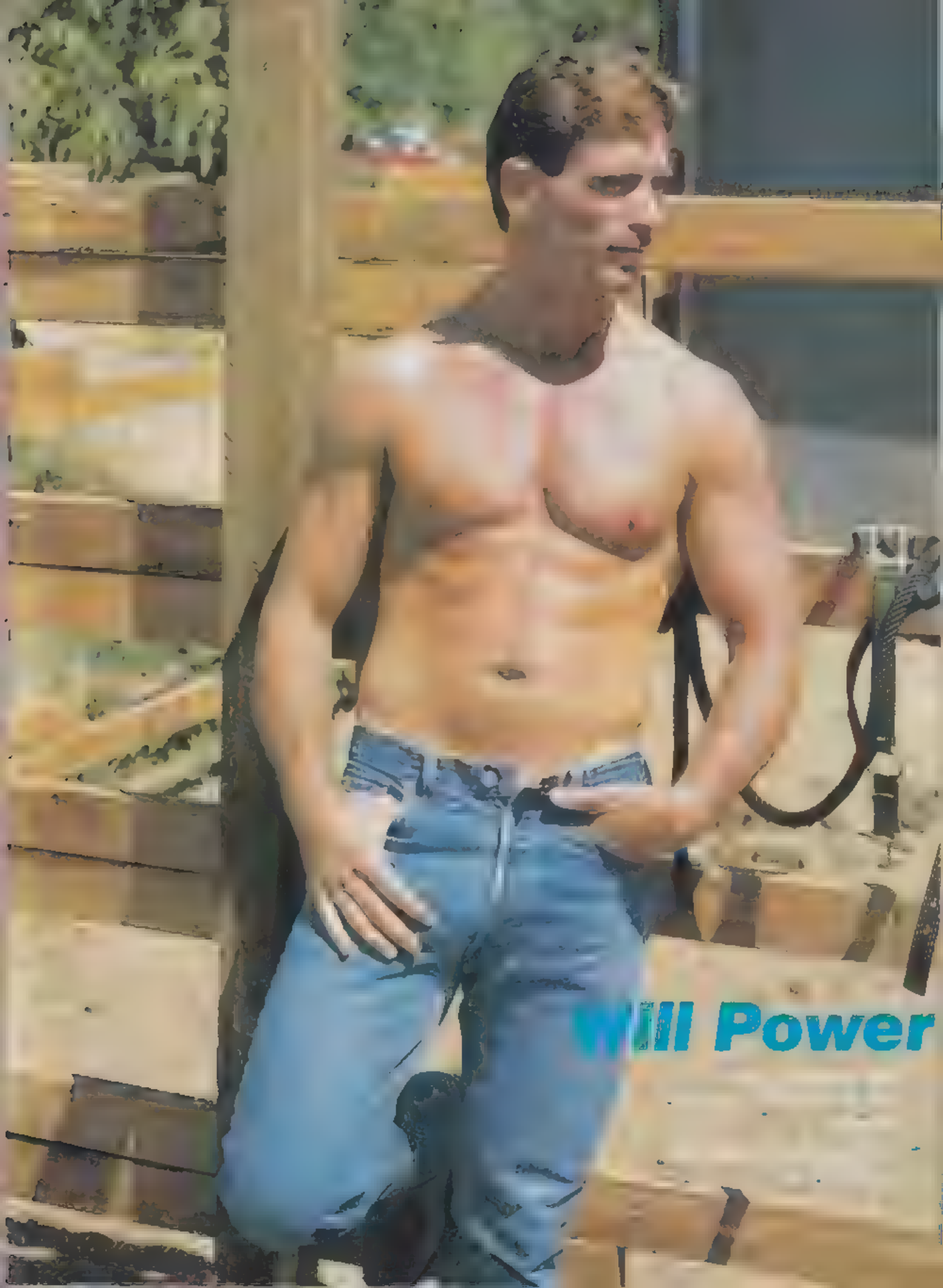
"Hey, I can dig that," said the plumber, starting to get out of his clothes. "We can even do better than a three-way. I've got a buddy downstairs, looking up at the window. All I have to do is wave my T-shirt and he'll be right up."

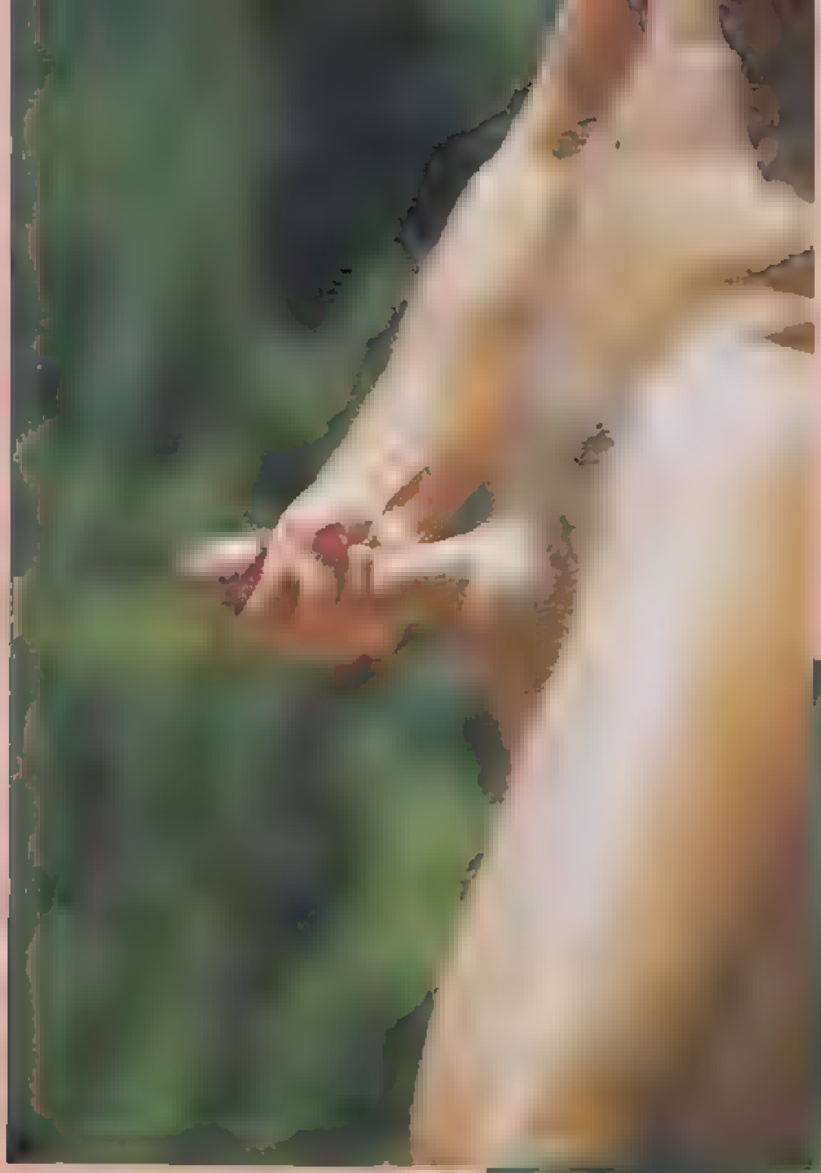
'What the hell—wave to him," George volunteered, tossing the sheet off and showing that his beautiful hard cock was ready for anything and everything.

"Jeez, what's going on over there?" asked the plumber, waving the T-shirt he'd just pulled off of his magnificent body. He wasn't talking about George and me. He was talking about the neighbors. "Shit, you hear that? He's calling her a slut for not liking the present he got her. Christ, any man gives his wife a gun for a Christmas present ought to be locked up for crazy."

"They fight all the time," I said, then dropped my pillow to the floor and reached for the thick, hard length that he produced.

Continued to page 50


Will Power



Will Power

When Will asks you to give him a hand, how can you say no?

END

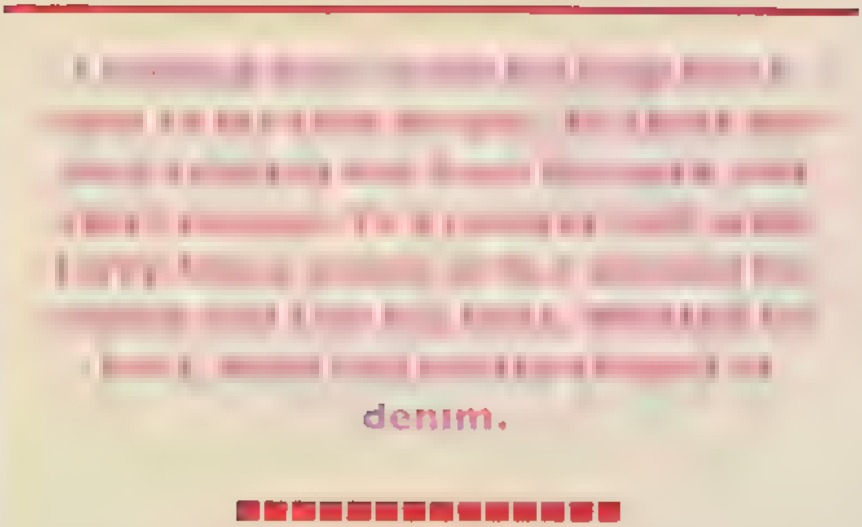
THE SUMMER OF

THE YELLOW OLDS

BY BART WASHINGTON
ART BY RAY SHULTZ

"Needam's back from Ohi!" girls yelled to their friends up hollers and across the river, though they knew they had no chance of winning him (and the biggest dick in Tippleco, West Virginia). He ran around only with rips and trollops; from Princeton or Bluefield. His own mama (Mrs. Rose, the postmistress) said he was not to be trusted around Christian girls.

This time Needam drove a yellow Oldsmobile convertible with squirrel tails (trophies from last year) waving from hood, aerial, and mirrors. He had returned home mostly to ease into squirrel hunting season, three months away. (Then he'd go back north for winter work and a warm bed.)



We teenage boys crowded around to pet the car's fins. To fingerprint its hood. To run callouses over the factory-hide seat covers. We all wanted to be one of Needam's riding buddies. Liquor and beer. Fuck books. And he'd let the buddy screw whatever rip he had, once he'd warmed her up with his big peter.

At eighteen, I knew seven boys who'd gotten their first piece in one of Needam's cars, and I suspected others who kept their mouths and barn doors closed.

Needam was always friendly to me. Gave me a drink from his pint of government whiskey (when he carried). Called me Shotgun at poker games in the woods, where I was a regular. ("Second best stud player in Tippleco, West-by-God-Virginia," he said.) But he had never picked me up in one of his sleek cars to go to the fallen Old Tipple 4, down by the river.

I really didn't want Nanny Krause (in Needam's blue Fraiser, three years ago), Flo Hodnett (green Pontiac, two years), nor Verly Combs (last year in a Kaiser, this one in the Olds). I felt sorry for her. She was a pretty but sad creature from Princeton, a little over fifteen miles away. After two nights in a row with Needam, she walked the thirty miles back and forth to watch him sleep a drunk off in his mama's bed. (His mama ran her off when she got home from the P.O. Called her a slut and a disgrace.)

I saw Verly on the road. "You tell him I'll come soon's he's up an' around," she said.

I waited under the covered bridge near Needam's house. I wanted him—from his long black curls to his chin dimple. To chest hair that crawled out from his neck and shirt sleeves. To a cowboy belt with forty-three jewels in it. I wanted his crotch and two big balls. ("Biggest nuts ever!" bragged Buster Deel, who *had* been chosen. "Bet ye a dime to a doughnut one'll weigh in at two pounds.") Wanted his butt, hard and pretty-shaped in denim. Even down to the black patent-leather slippers Verly spit-shined for him, between fuckings. What I liked most was his pecker—seven or eight inches soft, when he pissed. (Most men turned away to unbutton their barn door, but Needam faced us boys, his dark sunglasses not letting us know whether or not he saw us spy and drool.)

The next Saturday I saw Verly in Princeton, when I got the mail truck there to run the week's chores. In one of her three dresses, she raked the main street for him.

"Seen Nee'am?" she asked me. (She had a slight speech impediment—her palate was lopsided and her lips pulled a bit to the left. She tried to make up for it by triple-coating her mouth—and a circle of flesh around it—with Hollywood Red, which she bought at the five and dime.)

"Yesterday," I said. "With Buster Deel."

"'At silly squirt," she said for Buster.

"Needam'll probably be over," I said. "Get ye for a ride."

"He better," she said and looked down past blue taffeta to her scuffed ballernas. "Don't know what I'd do if he didn't."

I wanted to say she could do as I did. Jack off and pine.

The town's one jukebox didn't help, with Kitty Wells whining "Honky tonk Angels" through an open door at the Do Cum Inn.

"Hit'll tear ye up," Verly said—for the song and for love.

I nodded that it might. I preferred Hank Snow's "I Don't Hurt Anymore."

"Reckon where Nee'am is right dis minute?" she asked.

It was a game she played with anyone from Tippleco.

"I guess in 'at yellow car," I said. "Speedin' to you."

"Reckon what's on his mind?"

"Love," I said, to her smile. "Or poker," I added, to her frown. (Last summer she'd thrown a pack of Bicycle cards into the river by Old Tipple 4, and Needam bruised her butt with one of her own ballerinas.)

Reckon what's his face a-doin'?"

I could have made a safe bet on that one. eyes behind sunglasses (the only man I'd ever seen wear them full time), but a tiny crowfoot on each side telling you the eyes were helping his red lips grin. His whole face smiled if the car radio played what he told it to. One hand on a padded steering wheel. One hand cupping the dick and balls he was famous for.

"What?" Verly said, to wake me.

"He's frownin' 'cause he ain't got one arm around you," I lied.

"You reckon?"

I lied again, with a nod.

"Awwww." Though her eyes never left the street, she followed me to the hardware, the bank, the five and dime, and to the one movie house (where I looked at the posters of what was there and what was coming. Needam sometimes brought a carload of us boys over there, fifty cents a head.)

At the post office, I waited for my ride home. Verly peeped into the covered truck bed, as if Needam might be hiding under the gray bags.

Crossing the mountain, the truck did meet the yellow convertible top down and squirrel tails waving. Maybe Needam was rushing to Verly, or to Mose Nuckols for bootleg.

That afternoon, I parked myself by the roadside. Hunkered with other boys to see if Needam would pick me up.

Before dusk, he arrived, spreading gravel as if he hadn't expected us.

He parked at the lower curve. Told Verly to wait. "Twirl the radio dial if you want to," he said. She took turns doing that and fluffing up her dyed-red hair.

Needam walked back to where we now stood, each boy tiptoeing for the night's possibilities.

He flicked his taut barn door and told the two youngest—the Cook twins—to be on the lookout, first for the laws, second for Christian ladies.

One twin ran down the road to lean against a car fin, the other up the road to look around the curve.

Needam started to unhouse his pecker as soon as he passed the pint around.

The car radio blared out bits of song.

Needam spread his barn door wide. Black hairs glistened.

He pulled out both balls (never before had he done that) and dangled them for air.

"Sweet Jesus," whispered O.C. Hale.

I swallowed hard and thought of all the Bible tribes skinny-dipping in those globes.

We couldn't tell what he was looking at, for the sunglasses, but six boys had eyes peeled now at a half-hard-on (eight inches,

at least) in a raincoat, its nipple and sides filled with thick white cum hot from those nuts.

He peeled the rubber down an inch. Let the white juice slide to the bottom. He rolled the rest of the rubber off slowly so as not to catch and pinch any roving hair.

He draped the condom on a tall ragweed—a Christmas ornament, in June.

He shook the dick twice to let fall a thin line of cum. Then he gushed the biggest stream of piss I'd ever seen.

I bent back down into hunker, because my knees were going to buckle and cum was crawling up the shaft of my pecker. I pulled my knees in to squeeze the juice down and to hide a hard-on from my friends, who also seemed faint, their voices cracking when they talked about dark coming on.

Travis Fletcher's hands shook when Needam passed around a full pack of Pall Malls.

Needam let his dick nod—of its own accord—to lose the last beads of piss. And he took his time putting the horse back in its stable—one ball at a time, and then a double handful of meat which he let fall on the right side of his overall pants.

The two guards came running for cigarettes, for their nip of government whiskey. Their hands shook when they grabbed both, and the nubs of their little cocks—hard—pooched out when they bent backward to help the liquor go down.

Needam looked us over as if he were choosing an outrider for a wagon train. He took Billy Powers—the runt of the bunch, after the Cook boys. Not yet fifteen. And no cock to speak of.

The rest of us moved to the big Poker Rock up in the woods. There we sat and talked about pussy and Needam's dick. Buster Deel had seen it angry and in action. He'd tell us about it so long as we kept him in cigarettes and Juicy Fruit.

"He rolls a rubber on, but it can't cover all 'at cock. He aims it an' rams it way down deep in her cunt," he said. "In an' out. In an' out. Then he puts it in her mouf an' down her thoat and' goozle pipe . . ."

"Th' hell he does," said Travis Fletcher, a disbeliever in all things.

"She takes a good hunk of it," Buster said. "Swear to God on a stack."

"Go on," I said, the semen crawling again in my balls.

"She sucks it like a ice-cream cone," he said. "He shoots some in her mouf, some on her titties. An' he rubs some a that jazz on her nipples, some 'atween her legs. He sticks half a hand up her pussy 'at's all red an' drippy. Then he wanks for me to crawl on an' I do an'."

Only I lasted through all of Buster's cock stories (most of which were pure lies, Verily saying she couldn't take his dick, Needam pulling him off after he came fourteen times). With just the two of us left on Poker Rock, Buster took out his dick and reached for mine.

"Bet ye yours is gone be big as Needam's some day," he said.

I wouldn't brag, but I did have the others beat by inches.

"Bet ye 'at thang's gone squirt a handful," he said.

That was all it took, for Needam's hard dick was just behind my closed eyes.

Buster used my load to wet up his cock for his own shoot.

"Don't ye ever tell on me now," he said.

Never," I said.

We parted before I got back to our hunkering place.

The ornament was still on the weed, the rubber translucent in moonlight. I tied it up and took it to hold in my pocket as I walked home. I let the thick cum move under my fingers. Let it squish in my hand.

In bed, I put the rubber between my legs, under my balls, until it was warm again. A fingernail cut into it, and I used the oil to bathe my chest, my navel, balls, and then the shaft and head of my cock, nodding painfully toward a spiurt. The balls ached as they gave up their fluid, and I must have moaned loud, for my sister, in bed across from mine, yelled to mama that I was dying.

"Just a dream," I said and rolled over to real dreams of Needam and me on the beaches of Dayton. At work, we hung the doors on Kelvinators (his real job), and then went to four movies. Nights, we jacked each other off in hotel rooms. Kissed and rubbed dicks into each other's bellies.

The next day—an ordinary West Virginia Sunday—was poker time, though Needam (the ring leader) was late. "Hangover," he said, and ran his fingers through a thousand curls. "You boys will rob me blind today."

I was the only "boy" player, though Buster, O.C., and three others took turns guarding against the laws.

Three young miners made up the rest of the table that was a rock. They were friends of Needam before he ever saw Ohio. They wouldn't be bothered by greenhorns, but I had been taught cards by my daddy, off on a job of work. He was called the best, when Needam was not around.

Between hands, the men talked pussy. Not their wives' but in general. Or those that Needam pumped.

"What's th' stankingist pussy you ever stuck a fanger in?" Frank Colley asked.

"Lottie Towns," said Hertie Viers. "'Member her, Needam? Worst stankfanger I ever smelt. Stayed with me half a summer."

"Hell, you were fingerin' th' back door," Needam said. "I had my dick in her cunt."

"Hell, I bet it didn't smell no better," Hertie said.

"I had to rip out th' leopard covers on my Dodge," Needam claimed. "Had to rub th' dashboard down with sheep-dip."

"Roberta Krause had a gamey twat," said Frank, after raising a quarter. "Get her under ye fangernails? Whew-weeee!"

"An' I raise you two bits," I said. (That was the limit.) I had sneaked into three eights, in five-card stud.

Only Needam called—three fives. "You little fucker," he said, though I was five-eleven. His fingers disturbed the stand of my flat top, but I didn't care.

"Wonder can Shotgun fuck like he can gamble?" Hertie asked.

"When ye gone learn him pussy?" Frank asked Needam.

"Hell, he already knows. Don't ye, hoss?" Needam said. From the corners of his eyes, I could make out a wink.

I wanted to say I could stand a little learning, but, "Seven-card stud," Hertie said.

"You know why Jesus put hair on a

Continued to page 68

I was ready to bend over. To grin and grind teeth. But he grabbed my dick and, in one bend, tucked it inside his butt as if he'd practiced up. And when I pushed, a cave of heat sucked in. When I pulled, a road tightened in reverse—one that would have squeezed off a rubber, had I been slickered.

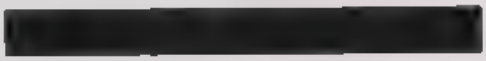
There [illegible] who [illegible] as happy with life in the valley as [illegible] woke in the morning and [illegible] face would break into a great grin as he realized the [illegible] had begun. [illegible] his tight body and lifted it up in a [illegible], as though he were [illegible] offer up [illegible] to [illegible] in a [illegible] thanks [illegible] existence [illegible] sex.

[illegible] would [illegible] up [illegible] small loincloth. He whistled as he went to the fire in the center of the camp and took breakfast from a slave who had prepared it for him.

TI'S SONG

BY JOHN PRESTON
PHOTO BY [illegible]

There was no one near, and no reason for a warrior to be ashamed. He undid the loincloth and found himself naked on the tree, that special part of his flesh now as stiff and firm as Mishal's calves. Ti watched his hardness as he played his notes.



The other warriors went to the hunt in groups. But that was simply because they enjoyed the company. There was no rule forcing them to go out together. Ti always went into the forest alone, carrying the slingshot with which he'd become the most proficient marksman of the tribe. That, or else he went out onto the lake in a canoe he'd made himself, using spears he'd carved with his own hands to catch large fish for the tribe's larder.

Other men might be struggling to convince themselves that this new life they were leading was as good as it had been before The War. But to Ti, as he stood on his boat or ran through the forest, there was no doubt this was by far a better life for a man, one that he loved much more than any other he had experienced.

This one day, well into the second year of the village, Ti ventured into the forest. Today, he would have great luck. Within the first hour he came upon two boars, large, ferocious beasts of the forest whose meat was as prized by the men as the animals' ability to defend themselves was feared.

Ti crept toward them, keeping the wind to his face so his smell wasn't blown toward the beasts to give them warning. He prepared himself and his slingshot and then called to them, challenging them. They turned, as though to attack, but perfectly aimed pellets felled them. Ti stood there, the victorious hunter, and knew he would be greeted with great honor in the village when he returned that day.

It occurred to him that there was no great reason to hurry back to the camp. Nor—with prizes such as these—was there any reason for him to continue to hunt. He could enjoy the fine weather in the forest. He'd accomplished more than anyone would think necessary.

He carefully put the boars in a safe place where scavengers could not reach them and decided that he would play that day. He vaguely remembered music, something that he missed in their new life. Many of the men whistled and hummed old tunes, and the slaves were already making up songs, but there were no instruments in the village at all. Ti recalled that flutes could easily be made from hollow pieces of reed or wood.

He took his knife and experimented with many of the different growing things in the forest, looking for those which could produce the most beautiful sounds. Quickly finding a plant whose hollow limbs he thought were best, he used the sharp edge of his blade to cut holes in the top of one branch. Then, with his fingers, he could manipulate the wind that he forced out of his chest and through these openings so that it would make the music he desired.

Ti climbed up to the limb of a great tree and laid himself out in its hold. He began to make sounds that pleased his ears with his new flute. As the tones went out through the forest, his mind began to see forms that matched their sounds.

There was a roundness to one sound which he played over and over again. It made him think of the roundness of the body of Mishal, his favorite among the slaves, the one from whom he took the most pleasure. He could see Mishal's chest flowing out over his own, muscles matching muscles, he pictured Mishal's ass, a wonderfully curved piece of man.

Then there was a sound which was strong, hard, almost flat. That, too, reminded Ti of Mishal, with firm lines across his belly and ropelike muscles on his legs as solid as the tree limb on which Ti sat.

The sounds of the flute and the images of Mishal which they brought gave Ti infinite pleasure, more than he, happiest of the warriors, had felt in all their time in the valley. The pleasure was so intense that Ti's loincloth became an encumbrance.

There was no one near, and no reason for a warrior to be ashamed. He undid the loincloth and found himself naked on the tree, that special part of his flesh now as stiff and firm as Mishal's calves.

Ti watched his hardness as he played his notes. He moved his head back and forth, as though he would bow to that one part of his body which gave him such intense pleasure.

But even as Ti watched himself respond, it was Mishal who came into the pictures of his mind, as though drawn there by the music and the sensations a warrior gets when his cock is hard. Ti could do nothing but smile and think about taking Mishal to the lake later that day. But it would be so long before he could! He had killed two boars—more than enough labor for a hunter—but he was going to have to sit on his tree limb and wait many hours before he could feel the roundness and the hardness of Mishal, his favorite.

Ti put aside his new flute and took hold of the wonderful piece of himself that seemed so perfectly designed for pleasure. It felt cool to his touch, strange, because it seemed so hot in his mind. But, he smiled, perhaps that was because he was thinking of the heat inside Mishal's body, in that place which this special part of Ti would explore that very night.

He sighed and, still holding on to his cock, leaned back against the tree trunk and thought again of Mishal and the pleasures that such a slave held for a warrior. He pictured how proud Mishal would be of Ti's catch and wondered if that would drive the slave to show him even more pleasure than usual that evening.

Without thinking, Ti's hand began to move against himself, driving vivid colors into his imagination as he dreamed of Mishal and the positions Mishal's body could take. Vaguely, with the lightest of brushes, some prohibition tried to enter Ti's mind to stop his hand from its ever increasing move toward pleasure. But the hues of Mishal's body were too bright, the memory of the music that Ti had used to conjure them up too clear. He continued his quest for his pleasure.

In the evening, when Mishal returned from the fields, he discovered Ti waiting for him on the edge of the village. That would not have been surprising, the two men often had spent their hours together after work. What was strange were the sounds coming form the flute that Ti was playing.

Mishal came up to him and stood, silently at first, wondering what his playful lord was doing. Finally, he spoke: "Warrior, shall I go on my way?"

"How could any other wash you?" Ti asked quickly with such a stern expression

on his face that all knew he was joking. "I have enchanted you with my flute. You are under the spell of my music and must do everything I tell you to do." Then Ti began to play again, and danced around Mishal's much larger body

"Are you mocking me?" Mishal asked with a slight hurt in his voice. Ti only kept up his playing and dancing. Mishal tried to respond to what Ti was doing as if it were really a jest. "Do you think I am so easily entrapped that your music can capture me?"

But in reality, he had to admit there was something to what Ti had said. The sounds played over his skin, they spoke to parts of his body

When at one point Ti leaned over and stared directly at Mishal's sex, he seemed to have created new sounds just for that one part of Mishal's body. There was no way the slave could deny his response. His flesh rose up, moving from softness to rigidity as though coaxed there by the sounds of the flute

"Please, lord. . ." The slave's voice faltered as soon as he spoke

When Ti heard the hurt in Mishal's voice, he ceased playing his game. Taking the flute from his mouth, Ti stood up straight, a great smile on his face. "You should be proud I chose you tonight, Mishal. I had a great victory in the forest. I felled two boars, enough for the entire village to feast upon."

Ti took hold of one of Mishal's biceps and began to lead him toward the lake. "I will have to take even greater care of you in washing, to make sure you look as you should when I take you by the fires tonight."

They came to the edge of the water and Ti led the slave into it. He picked up soap and went about the washing. Then he had the slave rinse off in the lake as he, himself, dove in. When they came to the shore, Ti took up a jar of the oil that was used on the slaves and began to apply it to Mishal's flesh

Mishal watched as Ti's hands massaged his biceps first. The grip Ti used was firm and comforting after the hard labor the slave had performed. Then the palms used the oil to lubricate themselves as they slid over the surface of Mishal's body and came to rest firmly on his pectorals. Mishal sucked in his breath. Even when the hands were not moving, only pressing firmly on the slave's nipples, there was a response to that pressure, and with it the slave's sure knowledge that those hands could initiate a more devastating motion which would bring the small brown circles of flesh to life

There! Mishal closed his eyes. Not for the first time, he wondered at the harsh work his body could perform without complaint, only to be made powerless by a warrior's touch. His breathing quickened and he could feel his cock as it stood straight out into the air, the tip barely grazing Ti's loincloth

Mishal took immediate relief as the hands left, but was startled again as they raced down over his own belly and gently rested beneath his testicles. Ti's palms—unseen by Mishal—began to lift up now. The act of holding that most vulnerable part of the slave's body was one more piece of evidence to Mishal of how easily he could be placed into Ti's power

Mishal opened his eyes when that delicate hold on his testicles was finally removed. He saw that the warrior had knelt before him in order to rub more oil into Mishal's thighs and legs. Those hands which had been so secretly powerful were now back, delivering comfort

The tightness labor had brought to Mishal seemed to disappear under the ministrations of Ti's firm kneading. The slave watched as Ti bent down even further in order to put oil onto the slave's feet

Then Ti moved behind Mishal and rubbed the back of the slave's legs, beginning at the heels and working his way up. Mishal closed his eyes once more, there

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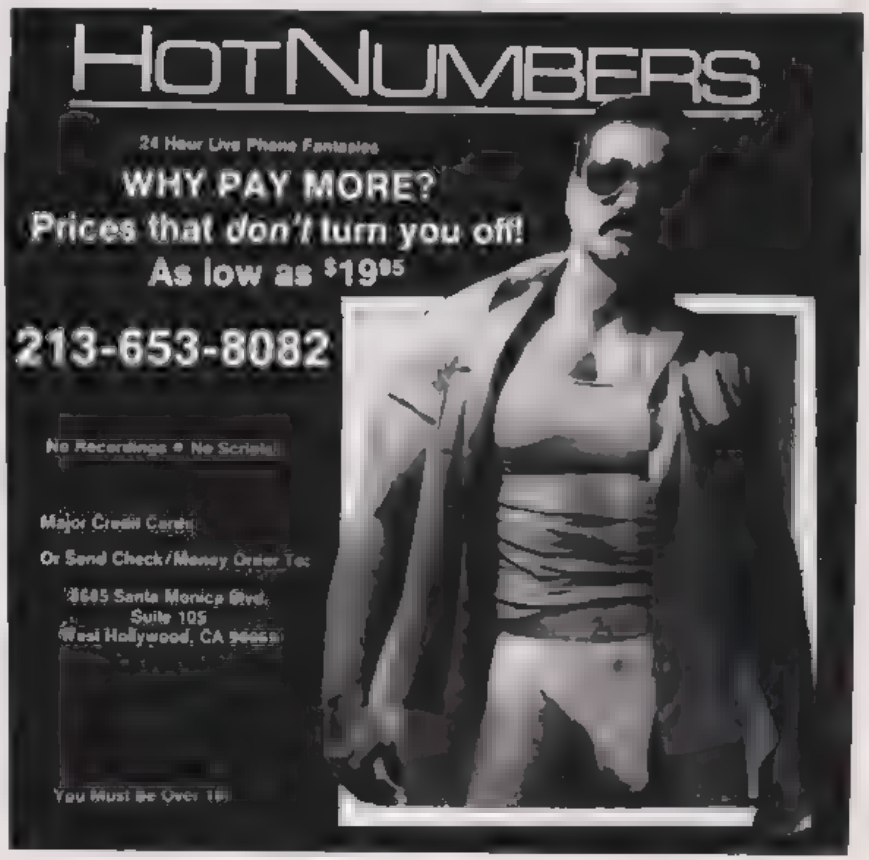
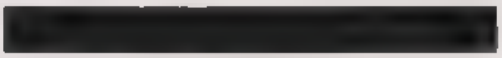


"My legs are spread for you, lord," the slave whispered into Ti's ear.

"Lift them up."

Mishal followed the order, moving his body and Ti's so that the hunter's cock slipped immediately into the very center of Mishal's body, into its most heated place.



was no question where this would lead Soon enough he felt Ti's hands on the roundness of his ass. The hands dug in deep, pressing into the softer flesh there Mishal's legs were spread wide apart, as the slaves had been taught they always must be. As Ti's hands moved from the outside of Mishal's body, from the hips where they'd begun their exploration of his ass, Mishal knew that the one most vulnerable part of himself was about to be explored

He sighed loudly when a finger, coated with oil, slid into his very center. He groaned when the finger began to move backward and forward It seemed to actually force a drop of liquid to escape from the tip of Mishal's cock

"Lord please lord . " the slave said softly. But Ti was pleased with his new game and wouldn't stop for quite some time, more than enough to make Mishal think about the cruelty of warriors when they torment their slaves

Finally Ti's finger left Mishal's body Mishal thought of the hopelessness of slaves and their position As much as he had wanted the torment to end while it was occurring, now he wanted it to resume. That was the horror of being a slave, to discover that he wanted his lord to do precisely what he had thought he did not want his lord to do.

Ti's hands were on Mishal's waist now They moved very slowly up Mishal's back, to the place where the muscles fanned out. In the end, the strong fingers moved forcefully against Mishal s neck, kneading out even the tension that Ti had brought on with his torments.

"Now," Ti said with a cocky sound to his voice, "are you ready to make me happy?"

Mishal took the words to be permission to turn to face his torturer "I have always been ready," Mishal said.

They walked to the place where the mats surrounded the campfire. Mishal—trying to hide how desperately in need of relief the oiling had made him—attempted grace as he assumed the usual position on his hands and knees with his hole exposed by the spread of his legs

"No." Ti spoke without anger but in a manner that made it clear this was not what he wanted. "On your back."

Mishal wondered if this was some new torment But he knew better than to argue with his lord He turned over and his hard cock was flat on his belly. He spread his legs again, feeling his testicles as they descended between his thighs

"Much better," Ti smiled Now he took his flute again and began to play He walked around the supine slave, his music making new pictures in both their minds. The warrior's sounds and movements were too strong for Mishal He finally lifted up his hand, as though beseeching Ti to come to the ground and join him

Another warrior might have been angry that a slave would have that audacity, but Ti only smiled more broadly. He took the flute from his mouth and nodded He lowered his body on top of Mishal's so they were facing each other. His hard cock slipped easily over the oiled flesh and, when Ti had manipulated himself to allow it to do so, it slipped in between Mishal's thighs so that its tip was against the entrance to Mishal's hole

"My legs are spread for you, lord," the slave whispered into Ti's ear

"Lift them up"

Mishal followed the order, moving his body and Ti's so that the hunter's cock slipped immediately into the very center of Mishal's body, into its most heated place

The two men let out noises of great and passionate delight Mishal's strong legs wrapped around Ti's slender waist and seemed to draw him even further. Then Ti did that thing he'd dreamed of in the forest While his cock was so wonderfully encased in Mishal, Ti placed his lips on the slave's at that same moment.

Both of them had their eyes open, carefully watching one another. The combination of stimulations was too much for Mishal. He could see his hunter, the warrior for whom he had the strongest emotion, as close as any man could ever see another. He had that same male's cock deep inside himself And now his lips, that fast and most tender part of his body, were being kissed Either one of those things would have been torment But to have them both happen at one time

Mishal could not control the response of his body. It sent out wave after wave of fluids, soaking the hunter and the slave. But the lord would not stop his movements, as though he wanted all of this to go on forever. Mishall finally—for the sake of his own emotions—began to use all the small tricks that slaves learned to use to coax passion from their tormenting masters. He kissed Ti's lips tenderly once, then with ferocious passion the next moment His legs clamped down more firmly on the warrior's body. His eyes sent beseeching messages

And finally—though they both knew they would never admit this—the slave conquered the master and forced him to send his fluids into the slave's very center.

All the others had watched this strange coupling, this vision of two males facing one another, their lips on one another, their sex demanding one another There were many questions. There were even more when Ti went to the fire where he had put the boars to roast, not leaving the work to the slaves as usual

Ti carved a large piece of juicy meat from one of the boars and brought it to the spent Mishal He put the dripping meat on the lips of the slave and fed him, holding the food while Mishal ate. All the while the two of them watched one another more carefully than ever before.

When Mishal had finished eating, he looked up to Ti and, secretly wondering if he could convince the warrior to have sex once more, asked, "How can any warrior make a slave lose his very fluids without touching the slave's body?"

Ti picked up his flute and, just before he played it once more, said, "A warrior who takes two boars in one day can do many things."

The sounds of Ti's music filled the air of the camp. The males who'd witnessed what had gone on between the hunter and the slave began to move around subtly, preparing to enjoy themselves in those ways they'd seen ■

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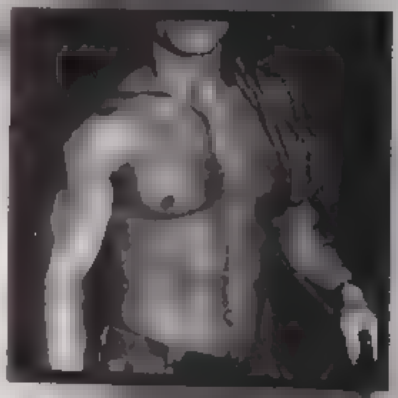

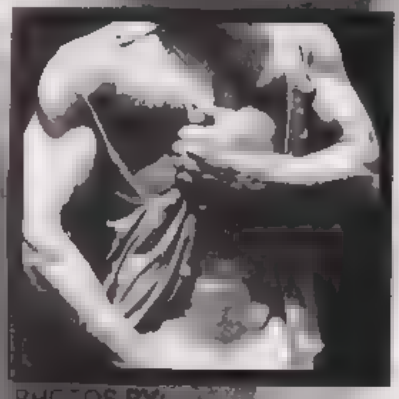

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GOING TO BED

Continued from page 40

when he stepped out of his shorts.

"Get me wet, baby," he growled.

"Let *me*," George begged. "I'm just learning, so a different shape will be good practice."

"Hi, kid," the plumber chuckled as he landed on the bed, pulling me after. "Got us a nice little triangle suck goin' here, huh? C'mon, man . . mmmm . . "

I got my first taste of the boy's beauty in a single swallow all the way to the root. The thrill of it rippled through his body and heightened the urgency of his sucking on the chestnut-haired stud's thick sausage. The plumber knew a lot about suction, a discovery my cock was joyously making. In a few minutes, George was humping my throat like crazy. The three of us explored each other thoroughly with our hands and sucked hard and deep.

And then—Jesus Christ—another interruption! A knock at the door.

"My buddy. I'll get it," the plumber announced, then jumped up and crossed the room, his iron-hard cock leading the way. He opened the door and told his buddy to wait a moment, then turned back to me. "I better explain what really got me pissed that day," he laughed. "You had no way of knowing it, of course, but it was my buddy's pictures in that magazine. You had it open to the centerfold, and he was it! To me, it seemed like you were using my friend's pictures to try to get me hot, you see?"

"Huh?"

Without further explanation, the plumber held the door open for his friend to come in. A bundle of clothes came flying through first, however—the man had stripped in the hallway! Wearing only a posing strap, the blond centerfold model sauntered into the room and stood before me.

"Merry Christmas," he purred, and ripped off the strap. His huge, nine-inch-plus cock sprang up and pointed at my face. "Plumber-boy told me you liked the picture. How's it look in person?"

"Put that thing away," the man across the alley bellowed.

"Don't you dare," I said to the centerfold.

We all laughed, and then I leaned forward and took a nice long lick on the new meat. The four of us tumbled onto the bed, licking, sucking, trying all sorts of crazy

The repairman was on his knees over us, his huge cock flopping against my face. I had to take it in my mouth to hold it still so I could grease George's hot, tight hole. At the same time, a doorknob-size cockhead popped into my twitching ass.

positions.

"Fuck me, Hal," George begged. "That's what I came here for, to have you fuck my ass. Break me in, be my first. I'll be good and tight and hot for you, I swear it."

"Man, take mine at the same time," the model urged me. "I love to get my whole fuckin' nine inches up a hairy dude like you."

"Put that thing away," the voice across the alley repeated.

The thought flashed through my mind that I was about to have nine long hard ones shoved up my butt and that I might be well advised to repeat those words to the hunk who was about to skewer me. But no. I wanted to try. I was aiming my cock at George's virgin ass, and I was going to hurt him with a hard first fuck, so I might as well take a hard one myself at the same time. I didn't say a fucking thing—I just went for it and grabbed a jar of lubricant. The plumber was on his knees over us, his huge cock flopping against my face. I had to take it in my mouth to hold it still so I could grease George's hot, tight little hole. At the same time, a doorknob-size cockhead popped into my twitching ass, with no more help than a fistfull of spit! It sank deep, pushing me forward and driving my cock into the boy from downstairs. I sucked hard on the cock in my mouth. The bed damn near collapsed under our combined weight and our concerted fucking and sucking.

"No! Don't! Please!" I heard from beyond.

But inside my apartment it was all systems go. The repairman managed to twist himself around to take the boy's cock, while I fucked George's ass deep and hard in the rhythm set by the pole roaring in and out of my own ass. It got faster, faster, harder, harder!

"I can't hold off!" "Oh, shit!" "Gotta let it go!" "Can't hold it back!" "I'm gonna—I'm gonna—"

POP!

POW!

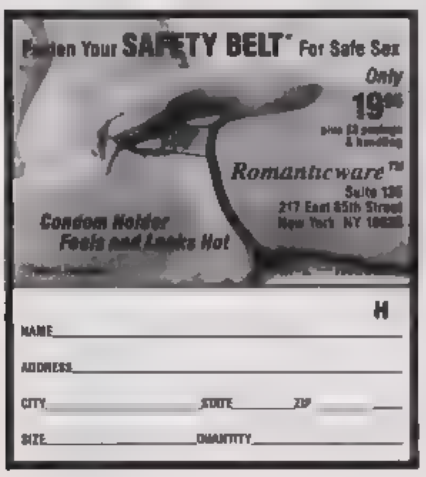
And then it was silent night. A strange, eerie silence. Cum splattered over my chest and belly . . silent night . . lonely night . . dreamer's night . . jack-off fantasies . . some violence thrown in . . a cop show amid the ecstasy . . cum dribbling down my still throbbing pole . . wash in the morning . . who the fuck cares if I sleep in my cum.

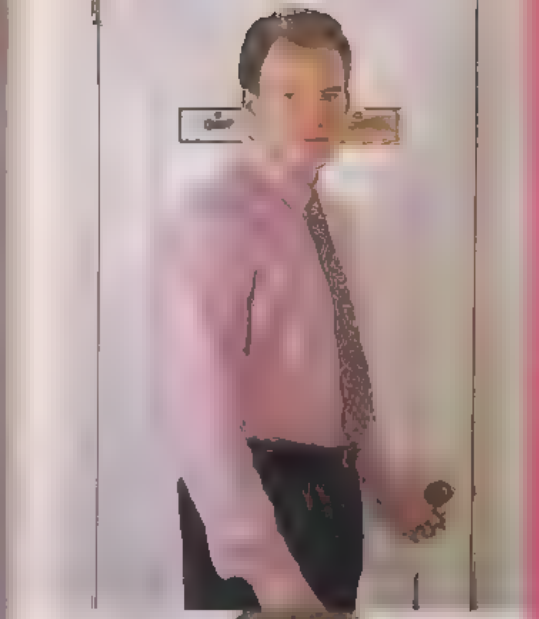
I opened my eyes on Christmas morning. I was alone in my bed, the sheets gummy with my own cum and no one else's. I puttered wearily through my morning rituals of washing up, changing the sheets on my bed, doing the Christmas Eve dishes on Christmas Day. The dream had made me lonelier than ever. And hornier. And there was nothing I could do about it.

Except get out. The fucking apartment was torturing me. I had to go somewhere—anywhere.

I decided to go to a movie. I didn't trust the damned elevator in my slumlord's palace of a building, so I took the stairs. Halfway down the first flight, I almost plowed into that little squirt George. What the hell was he doing coming *up* the stairs?

"Hal! I was on my way up. Hey, I could say it was to thank you for the movie tickets you gave us, but I need to talk to you. Remember what I asked you about last summer? Well, I'm eighteen now. Legal. Hal? Hal?" ■





Dress up for work, down for fun.
Section photographed by Barry

He won't wear it unless he has to.

That's it. Now he can get down to work.

THE SUMMER OF THE YELLOW OLDS

Continued from page 53

pussy?" asked Arnold Hess, who hardly ever talked

Even I knew the answer, but I didn't say—to give Arnold a chance to hear his own voice. (His wife Marmy talked nonstop.)

He blushed before his words: "So's we men won't eat it." And the blush seemed to spread to his hands, separating clubs

The laughter was always great for this joke—and the wonder even greater for what always followed—Needam's telling about pussy-eating up in Ohio. "Well, yeah, men eat it," he said. "Raw. Or flavored with sweet milk and perfume."

"I fold," Hertle said and play-gagged

"Get you a bottle of Thunderbird wine," Needman said. "Funnel it in there. Dive in and gargle. '

The hillside rang with laughter. And then we got back to serious business—five card stud, deuces wild

Needam won with three queens. "Read 'em and weep," he bragged

On his piss break, Needam turned toward us, to escape the gaze of some girls walking down the road. The crown and half of the soft shaft of his dick were red as a woodpecker's head.

"God a'mighty, you done packed th' clap back from Ohi," Frank said

"Lipstick," I said, and blushed hard "Looks like th' color Verly wears," I added

And it was. Even they remembered

"How much a' that horse dick can she swaller?" Hertle asked

"She put salt an' pepper on 'at thang?" asked Frank

The sides of Needam's eyes winked at me. He rolled his pecker back in and said, "I want to cut them damn cards."

After four hours of play (Needam's set time), we got up—two winners (Needam and me) and three losers

We couldn't walk out of the woods together, for Christian ladies would report a crowd of card-players to the sheriff

Needam waited for me and the other boys.

"Want to go to the movies in Princeton?" he asked

Three of us had the fifty cents and were glad to pay it.

The three who didn't found reasons to stay in Tippleco.

The things Needam missed most about Ohio were the movies ("A theater on ever' street," he said,) and wild bars where he could pick him up a woman a minute

Once we were in the car, Needam took some Tiajuana Bibles from his glove compartment. (Buster once said he carried Spanish Fly, too, and French ticklers.) He let us look at the Bibles while he drove

We passed around Snuffy Smith cornholing his old lady. Red Ryder doing the same to Little Beaver. Little Orphan Annie being screwed by her dog

We got to Princeton in time for Needam and me to drink a few beers at the Do Cum Inn. I was eighteen, the same age as the other boys, but taller, and the waitress always took me for twenty-one

The movie poster was for *Seven Brides for Seven Brothers*

"Some sissy movie," said Buster, who craved cowboys.

"How can ye tell?" asked O.C

"'At man's a-dancin'." Buster said, for Russ Tamblyn on the poster.

In the theater, I got to sit next to Needam, his legs sprawled and then closing in and out like an accordian

He tapped his box of popcorn and we all laughed, for he had told us a trick he played on his summer women. To eat the first half and then open a flap on the bottom and stick a hard-on up through the corn

Now, during "Selected Short Subjects," he turned the box to O.C. who declined, then to me. I ran my hand to the bottom, but nothing was there except kernels.

"Shotgun wants to eat popcorn with peter in it," O.C. said

If only he had known!

Needam stopped the motion of his legs. One he pressed next to mine. Slid it an inch up when mine did. Down, with mine.

I was close to heaven for two hours. On the screen seven brothers in longhandles, and Needam's leg butting into mine

In July, O.C. Hale had a new silly grin on his face

The only thing I got was money. I won big three Sundays in a row.

Then Needam's mama sicced the deputy sheriff on us, though we had time to hide the cards and money.

"Friendly little game of setback," Frank Colley said.

The sheriff threw up his hands and left, but that close call made the poker parties nervous. Needam even lost to Frank and Arnold. "Can't keep my mind on my business," he said and wished squirrel season would hurry up come

Word spread that Needam had served time in Ohio. Theft, they said. Or breaking the hearts of women. Needam's daddy said he wouldn't be surprised if the whole line of cars had been pilfered. ("He ain't worth the powder an' lead it'd take to blow his brains out," the daddy said. He preferred their older son, a retard who sat by the radio all day long.)

I didn't believe the bad stories about Needam, but he did tense up more than the average person around laws.

To try to make a little money ("Can't lose my cunt-wagon," he said and to spread his summer into fall, Needam painted "TAXI" in black on the pretty yellow doors of his Olds. He didn't draw much trade. (The mail truck was cheaper.) Verly was usually pasted to his hip, and women who might have traveled didn't want to be seen with a rip and a trollop

Yet the taxi had to be on duty most of the time. No poker. No movies.

I laid by our corn and tobacco. Saturdays and Sundays I hunkered with the boys by the roadside. But I was prepared for a dry run that summer of the yellow Olds. No Tipple 4. No Needam Rose cock in bloom

When he stopped for Travis Fletcher, I gave up Saturdays. "A peckerwood," I

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called Travis, in talk to myself. "Why on God's earth would Needam want to buddy around with that squirt?"

"What's wrong with you?" my mama asked when I kicked the rain barrel "You're not too old to whip," she said when I kicked the cat

"He's in love an' lost," said my sister, who knew all the wisdom songs gave free on the radio

People at the post office said a law (without a uniform) had come to ask about a yellow convertible.

"Be sure your sins gone find you out," said Needam's mama.

Needam parked the car behind bushes, in daylight. At dusk, he'd come out for business, or for play.

It was during Sunday play time that he finally stopped for me. Buster was sprawling in the back seat like he owned it Verly was waving from the front "He's my bu-es," she said, for "buddy"

All three were high as Georgia pines, and I drank moonshine fast to catch up. I needed courage to fuck Verly, who was now singing "How Much Is 'At Doggie in a Winwer," her palate tripping over "waggely tail"

"Seen any sheriffs?" Needam asked

"Not for days," I said, but then I hadn't been out of the holler that much.

Needam slowed for the passing of the half-gallon jar.

We parked at Old Tipple 4. Bushes and vines hid us from the main road Needam put a little log across the path we drove down, so any other vehicle would have to stop and give us time—"if we need it," he said

He opened both car doors for room.

I stood outside with my thumbs in my back pockets.

Buster, staying put in the back, was already playing with a hard-on, and Needam's britches showed cock halfway to one knee.

Verly was shy at first, ("You're going to give your buddy a good show?" Needam asked, to her simper) After Needam unbuttoned his barn door and let her suck on his cockhead, she helped him pull her blouse and bra off

He removed his shirt to show maps of hair hiding white skin. He let his britches slide loose to the ground (He wore no shorts.) But he kept one foot in a britchy leg, in case of getaway.

He squeezed one of her soft titties. Kneaded the nipple. He motioned his head back for me to come get the other one.

I nipped moonshine instead Then played I had a liquor frog in my throat

Needam's hand up Verly's dress brought back a pair of lace drawers. He spread her legs apart so I could get a good glimpse of what he called "the red menace," for the hair had been shaved and, in its place, were layers of Hollywood Red. He pulled the pussy's lips apart to show pink beyond the red

In full sunlight, the gash would have blinded

Needam's tongue entered her enlarged mouth, and she jerked her skirt off Only her ballerinas were left

Needam worked her legs out and in so the wet pussy seemed to wink.

Verly found more room toward heaven as she raised her legs and spread them for Needam, rolling a Red Rooster rubber on.

He flexed his hairy butt cheeks as if to prepare them for a day's work. Then he nailed the bull's-eye in one long hunch

"Take a leg," he said to Buster, beet red and puffing in the back seat.

Buster held the leg high so Needam could set fire to Verly's pussy. Her hands went down to help—one for her nub and one for Needam's balls.

Buster crooked his neck toward the fuck I knelt against trembling and for the best view of that huge dick splitting the red circle and pink lips.

He pulled out to keep from shooting He half-turned toward me to let his dick move up and down on its own The rubber covered only the head and half the shaft

Verly grabbed the way blind Stoney Deel did for his cane when boys at the post office hid it. She wanted more and said it "More. Fuck me more."

"You have to suck and fuck my buddy," he said

"You," she said. "Want *you*."

He held the jar for her to take a big gulp. Then he stood by the driver's door, letting her sniff and lick for his balls while he motioned me to mount

"You go," I said to Buster, who rolled to the front seat, his pecker already out and slickened He was not as sure as Needam in his stab. He hit home on the third push

As he hunched, his faced pressed right by Needam's nodding dick, but Buster didn't gobble it

Verly was now kissing the bridge between Needam's balls and butthole. Needam turned the parking lights on to help her.

"Tongue-bathe me," he said. He let the crack of his ass drop to her mouth. "Lick it, baby," he said

Her head was hidden in balls and hair when Needam motioned me to the back seat His hand zippered air around his cock—a signal for me to take out my stone-hard dick. I prayed it wouldn't gush as soon as skin met air. And it didn't

Not even when Needam's fingers traced its head, its seven inches.

Buster was draped toward the floor, grunting and groaning, maybe even dying, but I didn't care. Needam pushed him down. Told him to stay put till everything was over

I took Needam's bobbing cock in both my hands. Let my callouses stick to the rubber. I guess-weighed the balls, one at a time

Needham cupped my dick and balls for a last tight squeeze and a palmful of hot cum He rubbed it on his balls and shot three squirts into the rubber, which I removed, bathing my hands and dick and belly, before he stood back and let Buster and Verly up for air

Needam cut the lights off. But he kept his glasses on.

Verly guessed at new lipstick for her face, but not below. Then she dressed

In rising moonlight, we men buttoned ourselves up, Buster trying to get my ear for his whispers. "You can fuck 'er next time. Don't want to be no hog."

"That's okay," I said

"Hungwee? Lord, I'm hungwee," Verly said. She refused a swallow from the jar to rummage around in her strapless shoulderbag. Found half a Ride 'em High bar whitened in talcum She ate it on our way to the Do Cum Inn.

"Buy us some beer," Needam told me. "To chase down this rotgut Some pickled eggs and hot peters, too."

That's what Verly called pickled sausages

"Blackguard," she called Needam, and then proved she could still blush

The tavern was out of Penroses, but with some of my poker money I got twelve High Lifes to go. And a whole jar of pickled eggs

We drove back to Old Tipple and a moonlit picnic by the river

Needam risked a dead battery to let the radio play for Verly, who got up and danced (or staggered) to "The Tennessee Waltz"

Buster laughed and clapped his hands.

Needam dropped the glasses to his nose to see the show

We ate eggs and sipped beer and lay backward into moonlight

"It don't git much better'n this," Buster said

Needam didn't say.

After he cut the radio off, Verly snuggled up to him and kissed his ears and Adam's apple.

He warded her off from his face. Put his glasses back on his eyes.

She nibbled lower—his nipples and then his navel, three little pools in fields of hair.

She unbuckled his cowboy belt. Unbuttoned his barn door and pulled out the soft but growing cock.

Between fondles, she applied more lipstick—frantic swirls around her mouth

Then she straddled his knees and tried to swallow that hammer handle

Buster and I inched closer to watch her throat grow into a gag—then out and try, try

again

She grabbed his right hand and stabbed it for her twat But he wouldn't warm it up for her. He used it instead to light a Pall Mall

She fingered herself Writhed to the friction

Buster tried to get at her from behind, but her ass bounced him off and to the s de

"Pass me th' liquor, Shotgun," Needam said

I could have sworn he yawned before and after heavy swallows. He certainly was paying little attention to Verly and her gags and fingergrips. Nor to Buster, lying downhill to watch pussy in a spray of moonlight

I was hunkering close to Needam when he pulled his glasses off and winked full-eyed at me.

I didn't know for what, but I winked back

"Four way," Needam said as he pulled Verly's head from his lap.

She was too hot to argue. She waited for him to roll on another Red Rooster

"Sit on this," he said

She turned away from his face and inched her bum down on his cock. He fitted her ass cheeks to tightness around his balls

Buster was slobbering for the front door, but Needham ordered him to Verly's head and motioned me to come mount the cunt that he was lifting—her legs pulled up, his arms belting her breast back

I was so hot I would have put my pecker in a hornet s nest.

Buster stood hunched to one side for Verly to suck him when her mouth came near

I jerked, fumbled a rubber on, and slid in Her smooth pouch was much better than I expected On each hunch in, I rubbed through to Needam's horse dick—just a membrane away, and on each pull out he hunched to rub mine

Buster came first, moaning and writhing so that Verly spat him out.

Needam pushed him to the side so he could give Verly—and me—an even better fit On one of my hunches in, he clasped my butt and held its cheeks tight, and the three of us became one ball—Needam's head rolling back, his legs up, her legs saddling his hips, and me driving plow muscles at her cunt and at the huge dick beyond it in her ass. She started a gargling sound that built up to a hum and then a cry like a baby siren

"Fuck her hard, ' Needam said "Make her cry for it," he said "tear up that goddamn pussy. Shoot it full of fire."

And he shot, or must have, for he raised the two of us in a knot and held us for me to hunch once more—his cock the real target—and to scream glory to Verly's whining down

"Boy, that was " Buster started to say

"Shut up," said Needam, unhooked, and Verly on her side, breathing out a rest

We drank without talk and then we rested, Verly asleep in the front seat, Buster passed out in the back

I slept on the grass, and I reckon Needam slept some, for he had plenty energy when he woke me near dawn. Standing tall over me, he was stark naked, but for his glasses, and holding a hard in both hands.

"Let's go swimming," he whispered

The river was not deep enough to swim, but I pulled my clothes off and followed him to the deepest part, just above our knees.

With sand rocks, we play-soaped each other's backs, bellies

In a soft dawn, I fondled every part of him. Even fingered his hot, moist butthole after he rubbed a smooth rock between the cheeks of my ass.

I prepared myself to be drawn and quartered by the monster of a cock now in my hand

He led us to a clump of willow—a barrier from Buster and Verly, if they should wake.

I was ready to bend over To grin and grind teeth But he grabbed my dick and, in one bend, tucked it inside his butt as if he'd practiced up

And when I pushed, a cave of heat sucked in. When I pulled, a road tightened in reverse—one that would have squeezed off a rubber, had I been slickered

He made a gargling sound that became a hum

"Fuck me, baby," he said, "Fuck me hard "

I reached around for his nuts or dick, but he brushed my hand away, as if his butt were all. "You're th' only one's a man," he said, "Th' others just boys."

I grabbed his tits. Pulled the hair around them while my tongue swirled on the marbles of his spine

"Make me cry for it," he said "Make me cry. Tear up that pussy, baby. Tear up that goddamn pussy," he said

"I'm gone shoot," I said

"Blow that pussy to bits, baby Double-fuck that cunt."

I shot what felt like molten lead into the open cave, then squirted once in the tight reverse

His sphincter milked me dry—his beautiful, hairy ass writhing like a woman's, while his cock shot without the need of hands.

I wanted to kiss him, but he wouldn't face me, not in full dawn.

We put on our clothes, him looking toward the car, me toward the river

In silence we rode, Buster coughing and Verly still asleep. Buster got out first

"I shore do thank ye, now . . " he was saying as Needam spinned gravel

I thought he'd let me ride on to Princeton with him and Verly, now awake, but he screeched to a halt at the mouth of my holler

I tumbled out of the back seat. "Bye," I said, a hand held waist-high

"Bye," said Verly, before guessing at her lips again with her tube of Hollywood Red

I wanted to say I'd see him tomorrow, next week, at the turn of the century. but he burnt rubber to get away

I crawled into cool woods. On a bed of moss, I lay face down and wondered about the choking feeling in my throat, in my heart. I couldn't understand the hollowness, after such ecstasy. I fondled my cock, but it would not crawl out to play.

The next time I came out of the holler (Wednesday), I found out he hadn't taken Verly home She hid under the covered bridge near his house until she got a ride with some miner

The Olds was impounded, by the High Sheriff, hiding in the Roses' coal shed

Needam escaped to the woods.

Frank Colley found him hitching toward Kentucky. Gave him a ride to the State line. And five dollars

Then word came back from Ohio that Needam was serving time for "grand auto." ("Stole him a Buick, I bet," O.C. said and spit hard. "Could be a Cadillac," said Buster) Needam wrote his mama not to look for him squirrel season

I looked into Christmas. And beyond hope

"Does he ever mention me in his letters?" I asked his mama

She looked at me as if I were speaking some foreign tongue

"Hear from Nee'am?" Verly asked me each Saturday in Princeton. (She had gained weight and lost the dye in her hair.)

"No," I said

"He out th' pen?"

"Not that I know of," I said

Wasn't till the summer of '72 that he came back Had to. His mama and daddy had died, one week apart, and his brother had to be taken to some home. Needam was the only one left to do it.

I didn't go to the funerals Didn't try to see Needam, head on. I had three kids to worry about And a wife and a holler full of stuff on installment

People said Needam was married, too From our Poker Rock (now part of my land), I saw him and a woman in a beat-up Ford He didn't look much the worse for wear Head held high Belly taut

I saw him four, five times that summer He'd slow down to a crawl when he passed our rock, and he'd look hard through his sunglasses, as if he might be seeing somebody ■

A CHRISTMAS BONUS

Continued from page 9

"Yeah, man I ain't come in a week Lick it Eat that fuckin' cock"

He unbuttoned his shirt and pulled up his T-shirt I saw a long row of black hair snaking up from his groin to his chest His nipples were buttons the size of quarters. He pumped harder into my mouth, unbuckled his gun and let it fall with a thud on the carpet I pulled off his socks and shiny black shoes without ever letting his boner leave my throat, I slurped up and down his shaft He hummed and moaned and roared his pleasure

All of a sudden, he pulled off his shirt, stepped out of his pants, threw me back on the bed, and gripped my ankles. Then he spit on my asshole and leaned forward and slid in slowly, very slowly, gently, very gently. Once he was all the way in, he started pumping, not at all slowly, not at all gently He went in deep with each thrust and made wide circles inside me. He plowed and plowed me for what seemed like hours. Then he lobbed his cock out of me and shot gobs and gobs of cum into the air One shot sizzled past my skull like a silver bullet. Another landed square on my forehead, the next on my tits, my belly, my lips, my belly again, my tits.

He growled as the last gob hit my shoulder Then he flopped down and sucked me to a quick, violent orgasm He pulled off just in time for me to shoot right into his chest hairs. Then he carried me into the shower, we lathered and scrubbed and dried each other, and he was gone

Wow!

Paul couldn't believe I was fucking regularly with a Latin cop. But yet he'd taken that first call, and he'd heard us every day for a week from next door—and believe me, the walls in our building are *thick*! So he *had* to believe it. Diego would stop in right after his shift, just in time for a cocktail-hour fuck. Paul didn't stop by for cocktails any more. He'd wait till dinner hour or after

"I can't get enough of you, Max That ass and cock of yours make my fuckin' rod explode. We gotta do somethin' about this. This is really hot. I wanta be with you more, sleep next to you, fuck you in the morning, in the shower at lunch hour, after work, and a good-night fuck before bedtime. I want you, man. I *want* you, all the time."

He moved in the next day. True to his wants—and mine—we fucked like alley cats, morning, noon, and night. He brought flowers almost every day. He gave me a small gold band for my ring finger. He fucked me to sleep and fucked me awake. It was madness, wonderful madness.

For two months.

Then I started getting strange signals from him He'd be cool and aloof after sex, but wildly affectionate in public if we went to a Village bar—like he was showing me off to whoever was looking. He did well in crowds, at home he grew more and more silent. The sex was still explosive, but less frequent I asked him once if there was anything wrong, if there was anything I could do to bring him out of his mood. He wasn't in a mood, he said. Then silence

One day early in November I came home and his things were gone. No note, no phone number where I could reach him Nothing Except a bullet on my dresser Thanks, Diego

I dreamed about him night after night I could still smell him on my sheets, on the towels. I didn't launder them for two weeks And I didn't tell Paul what had happened for several days. He'd guessed, of course, but he let me tell him in my own good time, in my own way. And he didn't say he already knew. I just knew he did, when I finally got around to thinking about it. But all he said was that he was glad I'd told him, so he could get me out of my apartment, cheer me up, show me a good time, help me over the hump

His first invitation was to an off-off-off-off Broadway play in a church basement in the West Nineties. I begged off I wasn't in the mood, I said, didn't want to make the trip uptown, it was too cold, I was too tired But he wouldn't listen, thank God He told me I owed it to him, as a good neighbor He was a "reader" for a film company, which meant he had to plow through stacks of godawful scripts and see whatever dreck plays his bosses assigned him to, "and dreck is even worse when you have to sit through it alone, but sometimes it's a camp when you've got company."

Which is how he so cleverly shamed me into letting him cheer me up.

The production was amateurish, but the script turned out to be very promising At least that was what I felt, there was no inter-

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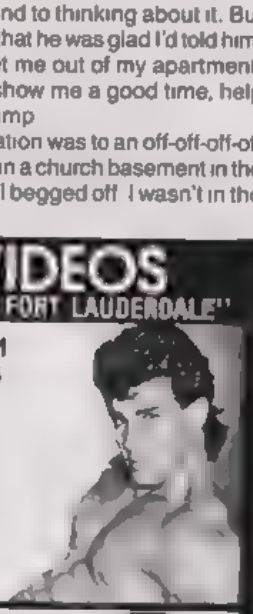

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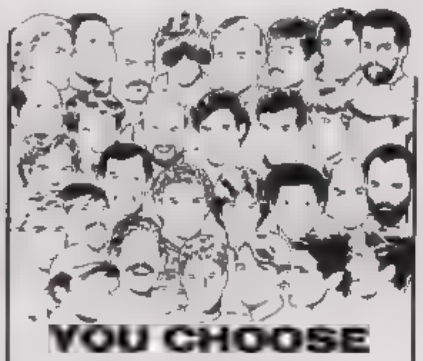

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mission, so we couldn't compare notes until it was over. It was about this couple who never seemed to realize how much they had going with each other. They were always looking forward to the future or regretting what they'd lost. But by the end, they came to see how perfect things were in the here and now, as perfect as it ever gets. Okay, so it was corny and more than a little pat, but there was some good dialogue, and in my mood, considering what had just happened to me, I was moved. I had to sneak my handkerchief across my eyes before the lights came up because I didn't want Paul to see my tears. Then I glanced over at him and saw that his eyes were watery. I felt better. Not good, but better.

That night I slept fitfully. I dreamed about the play. Only Diego and I were the couple, of course. I kept waking up and bursting into tears, then crying myself back to sleep. But in the morning I felt refreshed somehow, cleansed. Jesus, it hit me! Paul had read the goddamned script before we saw the play. He knew what it was about, knew what I was going through, and he had put me through all of that—through the play and the awful, fitful, tearful, *cleansing* night. Because he knew exactly what I needed. He knew, as only a true friend can know.

The following week Paul told me his company had bought the play for a TV movie, and one of the networks had picked up the option—which meant a cash bonus for my nose-for-talent neighbor. He asked me over after dinner to celebrate with him. "After all, those tears you tried to sneak into your hanky were what convinced me my own feelings were right-on."

He met me at the door wearing faded jeans and a baggy sweater. Holding out a cognac, he gestured toward the roaring fire in his fireplace. I took the cognac and sat down on the rug in front of the blaze. As he bustled about filling a tray with finger snacks, he gave me the details of the movie deal. I listened with all the attention I could muster, all the while staring moodily into the dancing flames. Once he was seated beside me, I tried to keep up some semblance of conversation, but my eyes stayed on the flames. Paul knew what I was thinking about, of course, and he might have pushed a little and got me to come out of myself, but I wasn't ready to come out of myself. Paul knew that, too. So he didn't push. He kept the room full of talk and let me pretend to participate, and when I was ready to go he didn't insist that I stay until I'd opened up and let it out. Because I still wasn't ready to let it out. He knew that, and he respected it. He just kissed me softly on the cheek and wished me a good night's sleep.

His wish worked, and his little peck on the cheek worked magic. It made a warm place that stayed warm, like friendship, as I drifted off to my first night of sound, unfitful sleep in many a moon.

Paul was making his traditional trek to the far reaches of Long Island for Thanksgiving with his family, and next day he invited me to tag along. I had already told him I was going to skip Thanksgiving that year. I told him again with emphasis. This time, he didn't let me off so easy.

"Yeah, yeah, I know. So instead of turkey, you're gonna stay home and eat your heart out. Well, if that's what you want, fine. But let me know if you change your mind."

I didn't. I ate pepperoni pizza, an entire sixteen-incher by myself, and when I was done, I threw the carton away with a bullet in it and settled down to a miserable afternoon and evening of old movies on Channel Nine and indigestion and self-pity. But try as I might, I couldn't enjoy my misery.

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because of what Paul had said. And as much as I resented it, I missed him a lot, for the whole two days he was gone.

Then came the jolly yuletide season Bah, humbug!

I had thought I was pretty much over Diego, but one evening at the end of a round of gift shoping, I realized I'd lost my apartment keys. I don't do things like that At least I never had before And I fell to pieces. In the middle of Macy's. I mean it—a hysterical crying jag, like somebody'd snatched the sale item of the century right out of my hands. And that's exactly the way Macy's staff nurse treated my hysteria. (I kid you not; the "World's Largest Store" has its own clinic and medical staff for "shopping emergencies.") Not to worry, she told me, as she helped me lie down on the leather examining table in the sixth-floor clinic. Laying a cool, damp cloth on my forehead, she informed me that a lot of people get hysterical while Christmas shopping "Now just relax and the doctor will be with you in a minute."

I didn't wait for the doctor I "relaxed" just long enough for the nurse to clear the door, then shot past her and out into the hall and down the stairs and into the street Somehow I got a cab and headed straight home, or rather next door to home—Paul's apartment I told him about my lost keys and my fit and my trip up to "Macy's Asylum for Hysterical Consumers" and my escape and—it hit me only at that moment—the fact that I'd left all my packages in the care of the nurse. And I've never laughed so hard and so long in all my life.

Which is all I had to do once I was in Paul's care, tell my story and laugh and sip the brandy he gave me. He took care of the practical details, like phoning Macy's and asking that my packages be delivered the next day (I would *never* have thought of that), and calling a locksmith (I *would* have thought of that but not in time to get one over before the rates went from double-time, for after five, to triple-time, for after eight), and keeping my brandy glass filled I never even saw the locksmith. After my third or fourth brandy, I just looked up at Paul pouring me another one, and in his free hand he was holding out a new set of keys

After what I determined was to be my last brandy, I thanked Paul for his ministrations and rose to go.

"Not so fast, Buster. You barge in here and take over my evening and I do all the dirty work for you, and now you're gonna pull out before the pizza arrives?"

"Yuck, pizza. Is it Thanksgiving again already?"

"You didn't"

"I did"

"Your own fault. I offered you turkey with the folks."

"I needed the indigestion"

"I know What about this one?"

"This *what*?"

"This turkey I'm offering you."

"Tonight?"

"No, stupid For Jesus' birthday."

"Oh."

Right up to then everything was light and breezy, like a Tracy-Hepburn movie But then reality hit me, heavy, thudding reality He was offering me solace again, with his family on Long Island, and the fact that I still *needed* solace was a drag The breeze stilled, and the air in the room got heavy

"Thanks. But a family gathering is not what I need right now."

"I'm not talking about right now. Like the papers say, 'Ten shopping days left till Christmas.' The invitation's open. Maybe this time you'll change your mind"

"Maybe"

"Maybe not."

Not

He didn't ask me again, but I knew that the invitation remained open, as he had said. Right up to the last minute

But three days before the last minute I got a phone call from my next-door neighbor proposing an additional offer "I never

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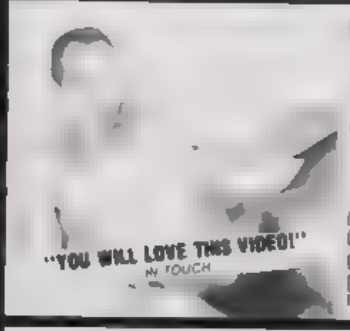

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go out to the island until first thing Xmas A M , which is to say I spend the evening before in the city, usually with a small group of friends, all of whom are out of town for the holidays this year. You know, family gatherings, that sort of bosh? So how's about we spend the evening before the blessed event just the two of us? I don't want to force you or anything, so all I'll say is that I'll be miserable if you don't cooperate, since I've never, *never* spent Xmas Eve alone"

"I give. I give."

"You do? Good I like bright colors—particularly red this time of year—textury fabrics, and I'm a perfect size medium sweater. But you can get me whatever you want. See ya"

And with that he hung up

And for the first time in months I found myself looking forward to something

They kept promising snow—to me Christmas is not Christmas without it—but the next three days were dingy gray and too cold for any kind of precipitation That let me cling to a *little* bit of my misery, since I wasn't ready yet to give it up completely But I must admit I had fun—yes, actual fun—shopping for Paul's gift: a bulky sweater, nubby fabric, bright red, size medium. I looked everywhere, wound up getting it at Macy's managed to avoid Nurse Ratchet and the clinic, but the guard who had escorted me to her domain tipped his hat and nodded respectfully, and somewhat nervously, when I passed him

Refusing the free gift wrapping, I took the box home and wrapped it in the page of *Variety* that contained the announcement of Paul's movie discovery being given an airdate I drew a ribbon and bow around it with red and green magic marker, complimented myself for my cleverness, took the chilled French champagne from my fridge—my one contribution to the evening's feast—and headed for Paul's apartment

God, but the hallway was full of the most wonderful smells, and when Paul opened his door, there was no doubt where they were coming from Not only delicious smells from his kitchen, but also the sharp smell of pine from his Christmas tree, and there was the crackle and glow of the fire and the soft strains of Handel playing on the stereo. And there was Paul smiling that smile of his

'Ho-ho-ho, c'mon in," he chortled "Oh, you shouldn't have," he added, grabbing the package and studying my clever wrapping "Put the bubbly in the bucket by the hearth and sit yourself down, and I'll put my one copy of the *Variety* announcement that I lent you to read and that's now got red and green magic marker all over it under the tree'

"Paul, I had no idea Are you serious. I mean—"

' Gotcha! Of course I'm not serious I've got ten more copies in the closet, and I've already sent one to everyone on my A list Sit down and shut up."

Then, as I sat down, for the briefest moment his mischievous grin changed to that smile, and he gave me one of those pecks on the cheek that are his specialty, and he said, very softly, "Thanks. Really Thanks."

Paul had often played host for those Christmas Eve gatherings he'd mentioned three days ago. I know because I had attended one of them and departed stuffed to the gills with his wonderful cooking. This year two things were different, and one thing was the same. In the former category: one, for the first time since I'd known him, Paul had bought and decorated his own tree (in the past he'd said it was unnecessary since his folks always had one), and two, there was a duet, not a chorus, to enjoy the Christmas Eve feast In the latter category, what was exactly the same as before was the amount of food he had prepared, and in his refrigerator was a second bottle of bubbly to supplement the one I had brought

I don't know where we got our appetites, but there were no leftovers. Well, I know where *I* got my apetite I got it from Paul's cooking—gourmet supreme and yet American home cooking all the way, not the least taint of snooty Nouvelle cuisine. A real holiday feast

A real holiday
Home for the holidays
Home.
With the boy next door

Jesus, where was my mind wandering? *He's not even my type*, I said to myself *I mean, I've never thought of him that way. Paul's family, a brother, my* kid *brother—twenty-six to my thirty-eight—and I don't go for kids*

It was the champagne, I decided, when I saw Paul opening the second bottle already. It was about that time I realized I was sweating *Goddamned flannel shirt—too much with the fire blazing away right in front of us*. I undid all the buttons and fanned myself with the flaps. It didn't help It wasn't that kind of heat It wasn't the champagne either It was—you guessed it—Paul, his eyes, his smile, his lips parting as they came toward me, as *he* came toward me, as he kissed me, not a peck on the cheek this time, a kiss, a full, deep kiss.

"Max, are you drunk?" he asked

"I'm. . I'm a little. a little, maybe. No I'm, not drunk. But I'm high. I'm a little more than a little high "

"From the champagne?"

"You know goddamn well it's not from the champagne," I barked

'What's it from then?" And he gave me that smile

'Stop smiling that smile at me, that innocent smile of yours. You're not innocent and you know it."

'Are you suggesting that I'm trying to seduce you, that I've been ever so slowly, ever so gently trying to seduce you all evening, all week, for the past *several* weeks?"

"I'd never suggest such a thing But I might *think* it."

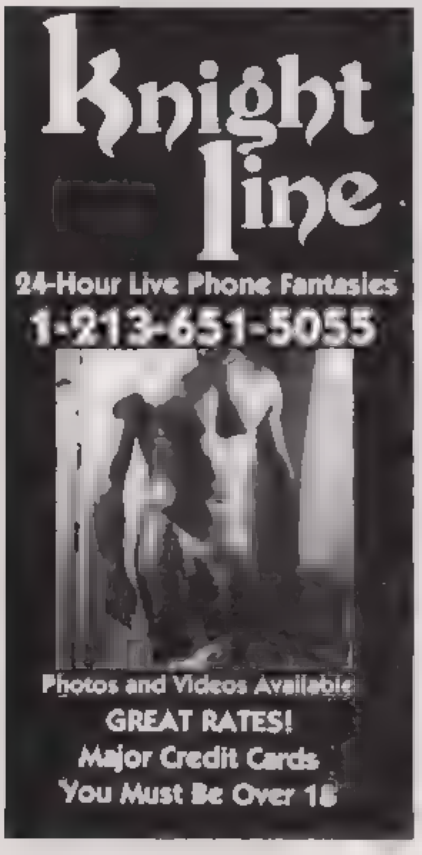
"Yes, and you might even think that the fact that I've been giving you my sympathy and kind understanding all these months—since August—is turning out to be part of a plot You may even think that I've had my lustful eyes on you ever since I bought the apartment next door and you so kindly helped me move in, but that I've shown the most extraordinary patience over the years while you've gone from one heart-breaking romance to another with never a glance my way, except as one looks at a pal or a brother, for a laugh now and then, and shelter from the storms"

"I might think that, yes."

"You'd be wrong"

Paul was serious now Not humorless, not stern But serious, truth-time serious.

"All these years," he went on, 'I've thought of *you* as a good neighbor, a good friend, a brother And nothing more. I've helped you through the breakups and disappointments and listened to your sor-



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rows because I knew that, in spite of how you always protested, you need to share your misery in order to get rid of it. I've had my own, but, well, I have a *blood* brother on Long Island that I spill on. And taking your spills has been my way of, indirectly, evening the score. But I never thought of you with lust in my heart because—don't be offended—I've never thought of you—don't get angry now—I never thought of you as. . .as my type."

What?'

"You're not my type, Max. I mean, you're not the type I've always gone for—physically, I mean. But when we saw the play together and I caught you crying at the end—and I know you saw that I was, too—well, fuck it, Max, what can I say? I fell in love. And ever since then you've been the most beautiful creature in the world to me and I *have* been trying to seduce you. In my own subtle way. Which as of now is no longer the least bit subtle. Because I've tried everything I know to try, and it's come down to this moment when all I have left is simply to say. I love you, Max. And Jesus, wouldn't it be the most wonderful thing if you loved me, too?"

"Enough to make a guy believe in Santa Claus. huh?"

"Yeah. Enough. More than enough."

"You know what, Paul?"

"What? '

"You're not *my* type, either."

"Yes, I do know. I've seen all the types who've marched in and out of your apartment over the years, remember?"

"Yes. Of course. Know what else? I'm tired of types, Paul. I'm *done* with my types. I want my *man* now. One. Singular. Sensational. Any volunteers?"

'Yeah. One.'

We were both crying again, like when we saw the play. Not boo-hoo crying, just a little misty, just enough so that our eyes needed wiping a little. Only this time, I wiped Paul's eyes, and he wiped mine.

And then we started laughing—deep belly laughter, rolling-on-the-floor laughter, grab-your-sides laughter. When we ran out of laughter, we just stared at each other for a few moments. I shook my head from side to side, and Paul did the same. Then he smiled that smile of his.

And then he said, "Merry Christmas, Max."

Merry Christmas, Paul."

"Whadaya say you unwrap me now.'

"I can't wait."

'Then don't. Don't wait another minute.'

I didn't.

In the morning, we woke up in each other's arms, in front of the fireplace, the fire gone out. We could see our breath in the chill air, but we were toasty under the fur throw that somehow had found its way over us. Paul gave me a peck on the cheek, and I returned it in kind.

Then he glanced at his watch and all hell broke loose.

"Jesus, it's nine o'clock!'

"Only nine o'clock? Let's go back to sleep."

"Back to sleep! We've *got* to make the 9:45 train!"

By the time I was half awake, Paul was dressed, had stuffed his present from me and mine from him into a huge bag filled with presents for his family, and was forcing me into my clothes.

"Go on, get them on. I'll fill the thermos with coffee for the train ride."

"When did you make coffee?"

"Machine's on a timer, of course."

"Of course. God, you're so, so . . ."

"Practical."

"Right, practical. Wait a minute! What do you mean, *we've* got to make the 9:45 train?"

'Because the next train after that isn't until 10:50 and won't get us there until after one o'clock, and one o'clock is absolutely, absolutely when our family sits down to Christmas dinner together—always, always, always."

"Our family meaning *your* family, Paul."

"Our family meaning *our* family, Max. Now, get yourself together. Hurry. My mom is dying to meet you, you know."

"I *didn't* know."

' 'Course she is. Heard all about you for weeks now, told me I was stupid if I let you get away this time. Zip up, Max. And run next door and get your overcoat, and a couple of pairs of underwear—we'll be out there till Sunday.'

I did as I was told. I was learning something new about the long-brewing kind of storm. It never really lets up once it hits. And you don't argue with thunder, or with Paul.

He even made it snow—I swear it. I mean, when we got outside it was still gray and too cold for precipitation, and the taxi driver had the weather report on, and it said that the snow had definitely passed us by, and I was grumbling that I wanted snow, and Paul said he'd make it snow, just in Montauk—"Your present's in the bag there, so the snow's a bonus. Guaranteed."

Five miles outside of Montauk, what did I see outside the window of the train but a snowstorm, a goddam blizzard. How was I to know that he'd phoned his mom while I was in my apartment getting my stuff and she'd told him it was snowing out there, just in Montauk? I thought he was a miracle worker. I thought he was Santa Claus. I would have thought that to this day if his mom hadn't spilled the beans about the phone call.

Christmas bonus. Bah, humbug!

And Merry Christmas. ■

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Patience is one virtue he can do without.

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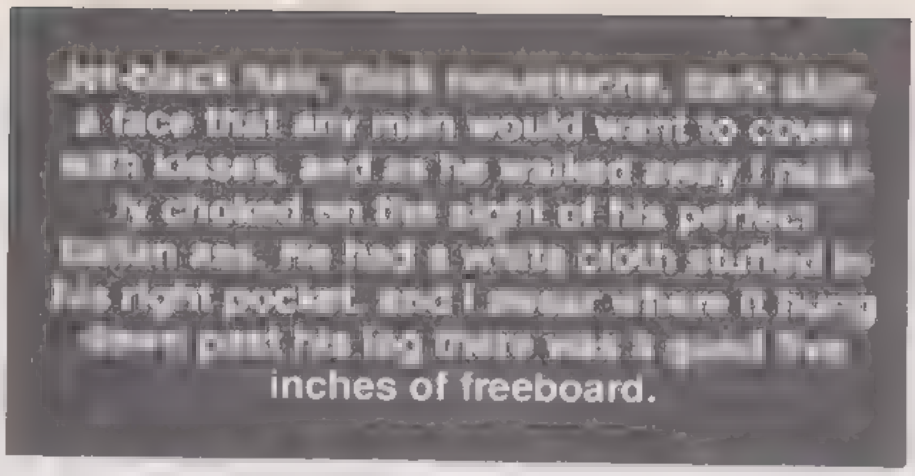

WORKING ON THE RAILWAY

BY RUSS GREGGSON • ART BY E. CERVONE

Working on the railway can be pretty lonely, especially when it's a job like mine. McBride is my name, Luke McBride, and I'm a naturalist for the Canadian Pacific Railway. Now you may wonder what someone who knows all about the birds and the bees is doing working for the railway, but it's really quite simple. Most of my time is spent trying to figure out how to keep the animals off the tracks.

Take the moose. They're pretty stupid animals and they'll walk along the track because it's easier going than wading through the swampy muskegs where they like to feed, but when a train comes barreling around a curve, the brainless things are too stupid to get off the track. First they run. Then when they realize they're not going to win the race, they turn around and prepare to fight. It's more than one train I've seen pull into the next town wearing a set of antlers.

This particular time I'd been at Ignace in Northern Ontario taking a look at the snake problem. Every spring thousands of snakes would come slithering out of their dens and head straight for the tracks, where it's dry and warm. Now, a harmless garter snake isn't going to present much of a problem to a fully loaded freight train, but where these beggars chose to sun themselves was right at the summit of a steep grade. You get a mile of hopper cars loaded with what crawling up that hill and the engine is bound to stall when it hits those unsuspecting serpents. No matter how much sand you throw on the rails, you're not going to go anywhere.

I'd been up there about three weeks and finally decided I'd head down to Toronto to consult with Don Marshall at the Department of Mines and Resources. He works in research and knows all about poisons and repellants. I hitched ride into town with the section gang, showered, packed my bags, and checked out of the station to await The Canadian for the trip down south.

That's one of the perks of my job, being able to travel first-class on one of the last luxury trains crossing the continent. that day as I stood leaning against the station I was feeling pretty wound up. When you're in one of those northern towns, you might just as well be in Siberia, and you know how it is when you've done without sex for several weeks. You get to feeling that if you don't get a long, thick cock up your ass you're gonna burst.

Sure, there are lots of hunky guys around—loggers and miners and, in the summer, track gangs. But, they all seem to be into women. In fact, they're a real queer bunch. You can go with them to the pub and they'll be real friendly and buddy-like with you, and you'll just be starting to think you might have a chance, when up they jump and run off with some flashy dame who isn't half as good-looking as yourself. Warped minds, all of them.

In a few moments I heard the whistle at the crossing, and then The Canadian slid into view, a silvery promise of civilization in that wilderness of heterosexuality. I walked down the platform to Car 230, Lorne Manor, an the aged porter showed me to Roomette Two.

"First call for dinner was about five minutes ago," he said.

"Good. I can do with some decent food," I said, stuffing my bag under the seat. Actually, what I could do with is a good stiff cock or a firm little ass, I thought as I made my way through the cars to the diner. But although I'd heard stories about guys making it with other guys on the train, I'd never had one of my own to tell.

My chances didn't look very good this time either. The steward, a gray-haired senior employee, seated me at a table with three blue-haired ladies. Across the aisle was an older couple and their large-

chested daughter. The other tables were equally unpromising—just what a guy hot to have a cock shoved up his ass needed to make him fling himself under the wheels.

"Would you like a menu?"

I turned. The waiter was holding the card out to me. "Yes, thanks," I said, trying not to stare too hard.

The guy had "Made in Italy" stamped all over him. Jet-black hair, thick moustache, dark skin, a face that any man would want to cover with kisses, and as he walked away I nearly choked on the sight of his perfect Italian ass. He had a white cloth stuffed in his right rear pocket, and I swear where it hung down past his leg there was a good five inches of freeboard. Talk about bounceable buns. I shifted in my chair, trying to make room for everything in my jeans.

"Are you ready to order?" he asked, returning to my table.

Yeah, I'm ready, I thought. I'll have one hot and hairy Italian ass. Cover it with a white sauce and I'll lick it off and bite it and suck it and then I'll—

"May I take your order?"

"What? Oh. Yes. The steak please. Well done." Just like you, I muttered under my breath as he walked away.

"Isn't he a nice young man?" the blue-haired crone across from me said. "So polite, and such good service. We're really impressed."

"Oh, yes," agreed her companion, "and we think he's sweet on that nice-looking girl across the way."

My cock soon began to wilt as I saw that crone number two was right. During the meal, the apparently hetero hunk hovered over the chesty girl as though she was the Queen Mother and might choke on a fish bone at any moment. Poor guy would probably go through life without ever having another man inside that highly fuckable ass of his. Talk about a waste of non-renewable resources!

There were still several hours of daylight left, so I went back to the dome car, Revelstoke Park. The blue-haired ladies had commandeered the best seats at the front, so I sat down at the back and lost myself in the scenery as the train glided effortlessly along, now at treetop level, now threading through a rocky gorge. I became so engrossed that I didn't notice when someone took the seat opposite me.

"We're doing ninety miles an hour."

I turned to see who had spoken. He was a young guy, twenty-two perhaps, with short brown hair and a neat little moustache that gave him a military look. His shirt was open at the neck, and his chest was incredibly hairy.

"You got on at Ignace, right?" he said.

"Yes. How did you know?"

"Saw you on the platform, but you didn't get onto a coach so I figured you must be back here."

"I thought coach passengers weren't allowed back here."

"We're not," he laughed, showing very white teeth. "I snuck through the dining car when the waiter and steward were in the gallery. What are *your* accommodations?" He glanced down at my crotch.

"A roomette."

"Really?" He smiled again and ran his tongue over his teeth.

"I've never been in one of those. What do they look like?"

Was this guy for real? Only one way to find out. "I could tell you. Or I could show you."

"Lead the way."

As I got up and stepped into the aisle, he stared at my crotch. The bulge was growing embarrassingly obvious.

"My name's Jeff," he said as we made our way along the corridor. "Got on two days ago, and it seems I've been rolling along here forever."

When we reached Lorne Manor, I slid open the door to Roomette Two and motioned for him to step inside.

"Hey, this is real classy. Your own little room complete with a wash basin. Wow, hot and cold water on tap, too."

I slid the door shut and latched it.

"But where's the bed?" he asked looking around.

"In the wall behind the seat there. You have to pull it down."

"So let's do it," he said, turning toward me. "I'll give you a hand."

"It's not a hand I need," I said pulling him toward me. "It's a nice firm ass."

"Come on, let's pull that bed down," he said. "With the speed this train's going and the way it's rocking around, we're going to fall through the window if we stand here much longer."

"Not yet," I said running my hands over his body. "Enough time for that later." Taking him by the shoulders I exchanged places so he was standing with his back to the door. "There now, just lean back while I pull these trousers off you, and then I'm going to suck your nuts off." I loosened his belt, unsnapped his pants, pulled the zipper down, and immediately knew that I was in trouble.

See, I've got this strange fetish about cleanliness. Sweaty jockstraps and well-aged underwear are not turn-ons for me. If you're squeaky clean, I'll suck and chew on everything you've got. But if it's been more than five hours since your last shower, I'll be turned off completely. This guy had been sitting on the train for two whole days! What to do. Fortunately, I kept my head and stood up and kissed him again.

"How about a little massage?" I whispered.

"Massage?"

"Sure. After two days on the train, you must be kind of stiff. I'll sort of work out all the kinks."

"Okay. You got some oil or something?"

"Nope, but how does lots of hot water and soap sound? How'd you like me to run this slippery bar of soap all over your body?" I asked, sliding the edge of the bar across his stomach. "Just reach up there and pull the bed down while I get the water nice and hot. That's the way. Now hop onto it and strip. Just throw your clothes on the rack up there."

When I turned around, Jeff lay naked on the bed. Squeaky clean or not, this guy was a rare gem. His chest, belly, and legs were all furry, and from the forest of golden-brown hair between his legs, his wicked-looking cock stood straight and thick, veins pulsating up the sides and the head all shiny and purple. I shuddered as I wet my hands and worked the soap into a lather.

"Manmeat," I said, grasping the quivering shaft. It throbbed in my hands as I squeezed and massaged it from root to tip.

"Fuck, yeah! That feels good." Jeff opened his eyes and smiled, then said, "Hey, you've still got your clothes on. How about showing me what you've got?"

"My hands are wet."

"So then I'll do the honors."

He sat up, undid my belt, yanked my pants and shorts down, and pulled my T-shirt over my head. "There, that's better," he said spitting on his hand and touching the end of my cock.

"Better hold off there. I'm like a box of dynamite. I'll go off at the slightest touch. Just lie back and enjoy."

I pushed him back gently, then lathered up again and went to work on his hairy body. What a mean-looking cock the guy had. As I massaged between his legs, I wondered if I'd ever be able to get the thing inside me. The head swelled even more as I worked, until it was the size of a small orange.

After I finished soaping him up, I rinsed him off with the wet face cloth and then rubbed him down with the towel. "Okay, turn over." His back was nice and smooth, but his buns were like two big hairy coconuts. I grabbed the soap and ran it down the crack of his ass and over his cheeks, then massaged and kneaded his muscular mounds. After a while I stopped and just stood there panting as I thought of what I was going to do next to that furry ass of his.

Jeff looked around to see why I'd stopped, then grabbed my cock and said, "Put it in. Please. Put it in." He squirmed on the bed, lifting his cheeks in the air.

"Soon, real soon," I said rinsing him off.

Then I leaped onto the bunk, straddled his body, and lowered my head to his ass. With a growl, I buried my face between his hairy cheeks and searched out that begging asshole of his with my flicking tongue

When I struck home Jeff yelled, bucked, and make another grab for my cock. "Put it in me, man. Real slow. I want to feel every inch of it."

"Don't spoil my fun," I said as I chewed and sucked his slippery hole

"Hey, we're almost stopped," he said suddenly. "Better pull that blind or someone might see us."

Sure enough, we were slowing down for some little town, so I reached for the blind and pulled. "It's stuck."

"Pull harder. Get it down before—"

"Hush. When we're going slowly like this, the whole car can hear what we're saying." I gave the blind a couple of good yanks but it didn't move. "Just lie still. Little town like this, there probably won't be anyone around," but as I said it we rolled over a level crossing where a red pickup was stopped. The middle-aged lady at the wheel first look surprised, then stared incredulously, then covered her eyes with her hands

"Sorry, lady," I said, "but we boys gotta eat, too."

"Here, put the blanket over the window," Jeff said, pulling it out from underneath himself. "Stretch it between those two coat hooks."

I did it, then dived back into that hot asshole of his. By the time the train was on the move again, my cock was deep inside him. As the train picked up speed and banked around the tight curves, we were rolled form side to side and rocked back and forth. Talk about a fuck machine—that train was *it*!

"Oh, that feels good," Jeff moaned. 'Get it in there real tight. Yeah, that's the way. Pin me to the floor. Yeah, fuck me," he cried as the train stumbled through a switch in the track

And fuck him I did. I surprised even myself at how long I was able to hold off coming, considering my three weeks in the bush, and as the train hit about seventy miles an hour on a nice straight stretch of iron, I exploded and practically shoved my balls inside him

"Keep it there," he said. "Please, just keep it in there. Let my ass suck you dry."

I lay panting on top of him, giving him little bites on the back of the neck. "Okay," I whispered. "Now it's your turn. Get your rod inside me so I can ride the high iron."

He flipped over onto his back

'Wow, man," I said. "Think I'd better sit on this one. It's like a baseball bat. Just lie back and let me work it around a bit first."

I licked the purple head, then stretched my lips and pushed till it popped into my mouth. I felt like I had swallowed a tennis ball

"I'll never take this thing all the way inside me," I said, "but I'm sure going to give it a try

I lathered it up with my spit, then straddled his body and lowered my ass toward the biggest pole I'd ever mounted. I rubbed it up and down my crack, positioned it at my hole, then ever so carefully began to settle down

"Please, man, don't push it," I said. "Don't move the thing till I get used to it."

I bent forward and kissed him. With one hand, I reached back and steadied his cock—no mean trick on a fast-moving train

'Easy, easy with it." I pushed back a little. "Oh, Jeff. Hold it there. Let me hold it there a while." I kissed him again and pushed back a little further. It hurt like crazy but felt so good. "Oh, yeah, man," I groaned, then grabbed his hair as I felt the head slip inside me. "Oh, yeah. It's in. Now go to it, man. Fuck me. Yeah, Jeff, fuck me as hard as you can. Fuck. Fuck!" As he began to arch his back and pump away, I straightened up, threw my head back, closed my eyes, and gritted my teeth. "That's the way, Jeff. Shove it in there. Hammer it in."

He began to thrash about wildly, flinging his head from side to side. Then with a scream he pulled me down and drilled his tongue between my teeth, and I could feel his iron rod pumping its load deep inside me

When he was done he lay completely still, clutching me so tightly I could barely breathe. "Please let me stay the night," he whispered. "You're the only guy who's ever been able to take me like that

I nodded and kissed him

Several hours later, I staggered bowlegged and bleary-eyed off the train in Toronto. I'd forgotten all about my three weeks of famine in the bush. I patted my pocket to make sure I still had the paper with Jeff's address and phone number. One night of rest and I'd be as good as new and hornier than ever—horny not from deprivation but from anticipation of another night of riding Jeff's monster cock.

From garter snakes on the tracks to a boa constrictor up my ass in one all-expense paid overnight journey. Sometimes riding the rails for a living is not such a bad lot after all ■

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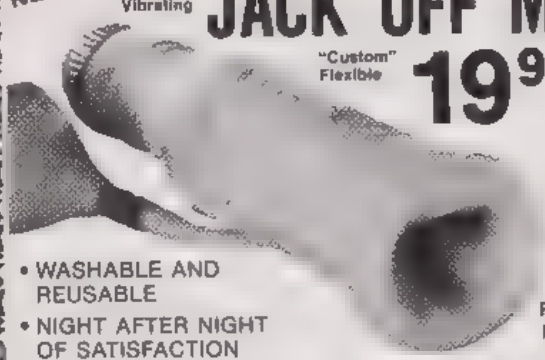

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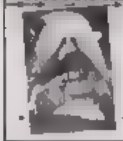

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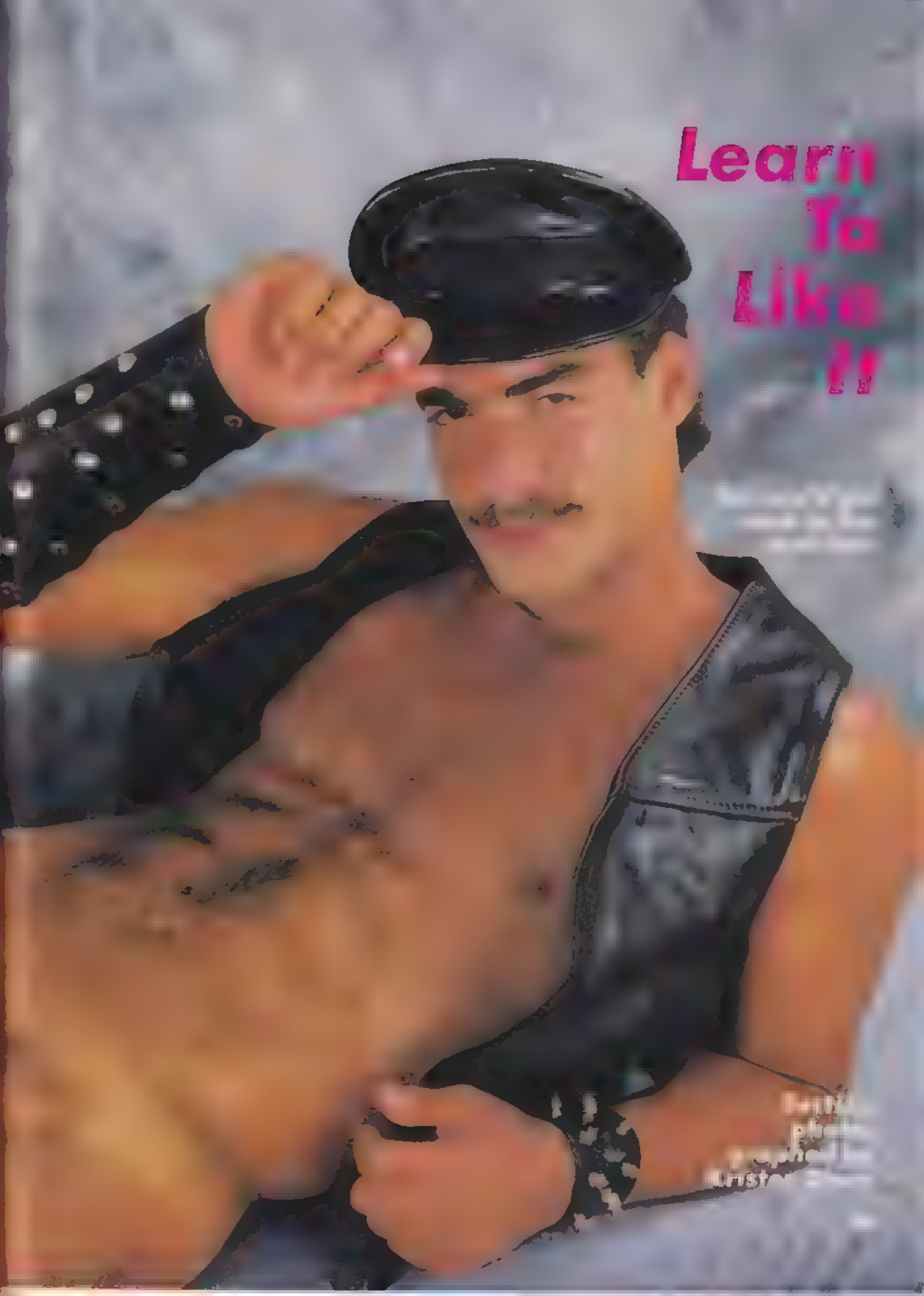
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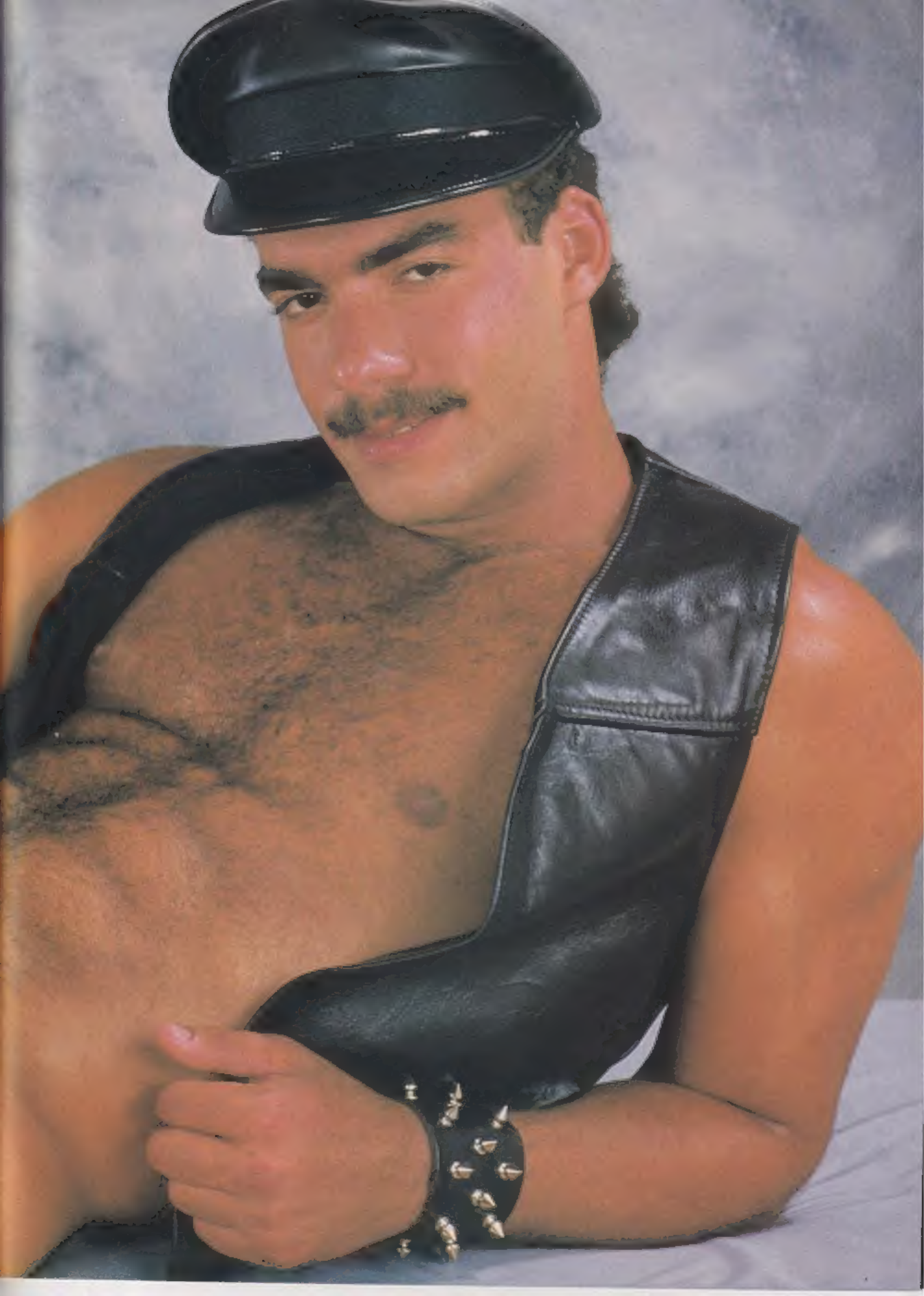

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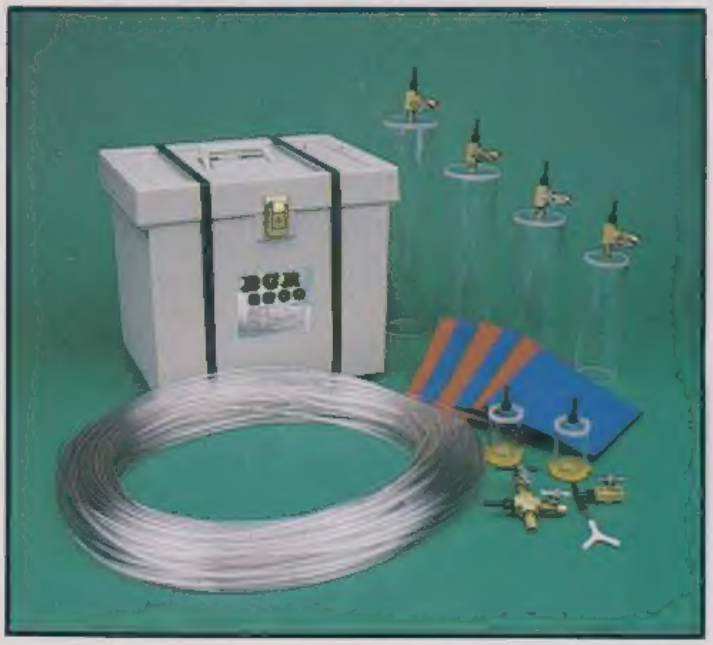

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